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[THE BYSTANDER January 25, 1939.

# The BYSTANDER

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# What's On

## The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

*January 25—January 31*

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

### Seasonable Specials

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto.: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, 2.45, 7.45. Sats., 2.30, 6, 8.45.

MILLS CIRCUS.—Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30. Sat., 2, 5.15, 8.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

*Horton at Lunch*

*Edward Everett Horton, one of Hollywood's top character-part players, took the chance when in London to lunch at Kempinski's—where he was photographed*

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto.: Covent Garden, 2 and 7.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

### First Nights

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's new version of the triangle has Diana Wynyard as the apex, Rex Harrison and Anton Walbrook as the bases: Haymarket, to-night, 25th.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Lilian Braithwaite and Diana Churchill clash in their ideas about bringing up a child: Criterion, Thurs., 26th.

GAS LIGHT.—A grim psychological thriller by the author of *Rope*; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Dennis Arundell and Milton Rosmer: Apollo, Tues., 31st.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.—A romantic comedy with Leon M. Lion, Wilfrid Lawson, Eva Moore: Garrick, Tues., 31st.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—John Gielgud, Leon Quartermaine, Edith Evans, Angela Baddeley in Wilde's comedy: Globe, Tues., 31st, 2.30.

## THEATRES

### Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success has Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—Roger Livesey as Tony Lumpkin, Ursula Jeans, Edward Chapman, Margaret Yarde; Guthrie's production: Old Vic, 8.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—Max Catto's rural thriller has Beatrix Lehmann, Carol Goodner, Rene Ray: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

THE WESTERN CHAMBER.—S. I. Hsiung's new play is from the thirteenth-century Chinese: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### With Music

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—Eric Maschwitz's *Paprika* revives with Binnie Hale, Betty Warren and Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 115.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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## CINEMAS

ADVENTURE IN SAHARA (American).—London Pavilion.

CHERI-BIBI (French).—Under this misleading title is a tough story of convicts on Devil's Island, headed by Pierre Fresnay; also *Katia*, Danielle Darrieux opposite John Loder in a romanticised piece of Russian history: Berkeley.

THE CITADEL (British).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

CONFLICT (French).—Corinne Luchaire is the star of this: Carlton.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a straightforward boy-meets-girl story: Gaumont.

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

HOLD MY HAND (British).—Stanley Lupino and Sally Gray in this musical: Regal.

IT'S IN THE AIR (British).—George Formby and Polly Ward in a musical: New Gallery.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film is faithful—too faithful—to the Gilbert and Sullivan stage standard; magnificent technicolour: Leicester Square.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story re-made: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A sombre and gripping drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—Elisabeth Bergner's new film puts her opposite Michael Redgrave: Plaza.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin's latest adolescence film; also *Men With Wings* (new Sunday): Tivoli.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—Capra's witty satire on modern life, with Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A gay comedy with a moral has Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard in it: Odeon.

## OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

IL TROVATORE.—To-night, 25th, 8.

CASSE-NOISETTE, LES SYLPHIDES.—Thurs., 26th, 8.30.

TANNHÄUSER.—Fri., 27th, 7.30.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 28th, 2.30.

IL TROVATORE.—Sat., 28th, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Tues., 31st, 8.

## MUSIC

L.P.O. CONCERT.—Sir Henry Wood conducts in Glazounov, Bax, Butterworth, Borodin programme, and Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (Solomon): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 26th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Weingartner conducts in Berlioz's "Cellini" overture, Beethoven's first symphony, Schubert's seventh: Queen's Hall, Mon., 30th, 8.15.

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# The Bystander

*Anthony*

## Carol Goodner, Farmer's Wife

No one is more mistress of the chameleon technique of the actress than Miss Goodner: a new hair style, a new part, and she changes herself to the point of being unrecognisable. At the moment she has both, a new hair style that is demure, sophisticated, odd and becoming all at once, and makes her look quite unlike any of her former selves, and a rather unexpected part as a Lincolnshire farmer's wife in *They Walk Alone*, which opened at the Shaftesbury last Thursday. In Max Catto's psychological thriller Carol Goodner and Beatrix Lehmann are effectively set opposite each other as the sanely intelligent married woman and the queer, sly maid from Cornwall who turns out to be a homicidal maniac. The brilliance of Beatrix Lehmann's madness is greatly enhanced by the simplicity and calm strength of Carol Goodner's performance

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

Mme. Tabouis has fixed the first week in February for the Italian ultimatum to France, and one can only hope that Signor Mussolini has not read her newspaper, and so will not realise his job. All the same, while it is the fashion to sneer at Madame's confident prophesies, she has had a nasty habit in the past of being right. In fact, she has been, on the whole, more right than most of the brigade of international Old Moores.

The latest news from the Anglo-Italian diplomatic Front makes me eat my words of last week. I wrote in these pages that the Chamberlain talks in Rome had been completely unproductive, and that nothing whatever had come out of them. I am quite wrong. It is announced that the Anglo-Italian Soccer match will be played near Milan this year, and this is a renewal of a fixture which has been in abeyance since 1934. Let nobody now dare to say that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax return empty-handed from their little jaunts round the Continent.

Doctor Niemöller is still in the Concentration Camp at Sachsenhausen, and his fellow-Pastors celebrated his forty-seventh birthday in a dignified and moving way. Nothing can be done for Doctor Niemöller in this country except the one thing which he would of all others prefer. That is to say, let us remember him.

The bomb outrages are an amazing throw-back to the distant past. Somehow or other people in this country have forgotten about terrorist bombs. It is such a long while since any of them were used here. I remember many years ago seeing an old blind man begging on Holborn Viaduct, who carried a brass tablet on his chest inscribed: "Blinded in the Fenian outrage in Clerkenwell in 1867." The Fenian bombs were just about as stupid as last week's bombs. They gain nothing, they prove nothing, and they settle nothing.

It is an extraordinary thing that, in the last year for which figures are available (1937), 7000 men and women went to prison for debt. In most civilised countries imprisonment for debt has been abolished, but for at least a hundred years every effort to change the law in England has failed. A hundred years ago a Commission of Judges recommended the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Thirty-two years later Parliament considered their report. Thirty-nine years after that a Select Committee of the House of Commons was set up. And to-day the law remains the same. It is a remarkable record.

The Soviet Government is restoring the tomb of Tamerlaine in Samarkand. It was built in 1404, and is one of the most celebrated buildings in Asia. Tamerlaine was famous for many things,

***The koala bear** is well known as the giant panda's chief rival as tops in the pet-world: but at first sight these koalas' bearer might not be recognised as H. G. Wells, who visited their farm on his holiday following the Australia and New Zealand Science Congress*

such as killing people and getting himself written about by Marlowe. He also had a great ruby, called the Timur Ruby, which vanished mysteriously many years ago, and was discovered, almost by chance, by Queen Mary in the Royal jewels at Buckingham Palace. No one has the faintest idea how it got there.

Braunton Great Field, in North Devon, is threatened by a military aerodrome. There are two reasons for regretting this. First, it is one of the few surviving examples of Anglo-Saxon "strip" cultivation, and, secondly, it is a famous bird-sanctuary. But "Peace in our time" must override even archæology and bird-life. Appeasement and military aerodromes must come first. It is all a little muddling to the plain man in the street, but if

***His seventy-sixth birthday** was celebrated by Mr. Lloyd George by a three-mile walk with his daughter Megan through the lanes around Criccieth. Two nights later he made a speech at a Llandudno meeting which was described by the "Times" as "petulant" and "brimful of contradictions and mis-statements," and by the "News Chronicle" as "great." At seventy-six the wizard of Wales has anyhow not lost his power of being at once profoundly irritating and highly inspiring*

***His first visit** to Australia is being paid by J. G. Simon, the only son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is assistant manager of the P. & O. in London. He sailed in the Strathnaver and was here just arriving at Sydney*

the Government says so, the Government must be right.

MR. J. R. REMER, M.P., writes about the finance of the Conservative Party in a rather odd manner. He says: "Go into any golf club and ask the vast majority of those who normally vote Conservative how much they subscribe to the Party funds." No matter how much they spend on their week-end golf, he goes on, they will begrudge the guinea a year to the Party which makes that golf possible. When I first came to England, after a boyhood spent on Scottish golf courses, I confess I was staggered by the golfing conditions in some of the big south-of-England clubs. If it is the Conservative Party which makes that golf possible, then I think we ought to start voting for someone else.

I WROTE last week about the snappy situation in East Norfolk, where two candidates were fighting each other on behalf of the Government. Mr. Wright, the farmers' candidate, has now retired from the contest, and I hereby offer my congratulations to the *Daily Express*, which supported him so enthusiastically, on refraining from saying that Mr. Wright had done Wrong.

A FUNDAMENTAL question of ethics has arisen in a difference of opinion between Mr. J. B. Priestley and the *New Statesman*. Mr. Priestley, among a thousand other activities, is a director of the Westminster Theatre, which is putting on serious plays. An anonymous critic belonging to the *New Statesman* disliked one of these plays—*Marco Millions*—and said that Mr. Priestley and his colleagues were doing "great harm to the serious theatre." This is a subject about which I feel very strongly. In the last seven years Mr. Priestley has written and produced sixteen or eighteen plays. I have not liked them all. But I have known that each one is a serious contribution to the English drama. He is now challenged in the *New Statesman*. But—and this is the point—who is he challenged by? Who is this anonymous card? An anonymous letter is the silliest of bores, but anonymous criticism is apt to be a menace. So come on, Mr. Kingsley Martin. I admire your editing of the *New Statesman*, but I want to know who the chap is.

AT last two Negroes are going to fight for the world's heavy-weight boxing championship. Joe Louis and John Henry Lewis have steered clear of each other so far, but this week they are meeting. There ought to have been a classic match between two black men before the war. But Jack Johnson could never quite bring himself to the point of meeting Sam Langford, "the Boston Tar Baby." That would have been an epic.

BY the time this appears in print, the third Test Match in South Africa will have been duly drawn. The whole thing is wrapped in mystery. The English touring party contains one professional batsman, Edrich, with an almost unexampled record of failure, and two amateur batsmen, Messrs. Yardley and Bartlett, who can score runs at a very great pace. They have been left out of the team for this match, and Edrich has once again been included. Even if by this time he has made five hundred runs in the third Test, it is impossible to understand why he was again given preference over the two amateurs.

THE thriller at the Aldwych Theatre, *Number Six*, is memorable for providing Mr. Gordon Harker with a perfect Harker part, and also for showing London what the old-fashioned acting technique really can be. Mr. Franklin Dyall learnt his job in the old school, and his acting in *Number Six* is a lesson in efficiency. All young actors and actresses ought to go and have a look at him.

I DROPPED in the other evening to the Players Theatre Club to have yet another look at the Late Joys (about whom Mr. Farjeon also writes on p. 117), and I was enchanted to find that Miss Helen Goss was back. She is one of the brightest stars that the Joys have ever had. The Hon. Maud Eddison was in her best form, although she made two unaccountable slips in describing one of her contemporaries as Lord Alfred Tennyson, and in stoutly denying, when challenged, that he had ever been Mr. Tennyson. But you cannot expect everything from the memory of a lady who camped with the Volunteers on Wimbledon Common in 1851 in their vicarious attempt to open the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

I WOULD like to deny with all the emphasis at my command the rumour which is going round Fleet Street about the boxer's libel action of last week. He complained that he had been described by a newspaper as "punch-drunk." Those horrid Fleet Street boys, hounded on by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, are spreading the story that the word "punch-drunk" means the condition of somebody who has been laughing at the jokes of our great humorous national weekly. "Punch-drunk" simply means, of course, that you have had a number of tough knox.

***The premiere** of "Quai des Brumes," the grim French tragedy of frustration, at the Academy Cinema, was celebrated by a cocktail party at the Dorchester in honour of Michèle Morgan, the star of the film. Now reckoned among the top of French actresses unsullied by Hollywood, the eighteen-year-old girl is flanked here by producer Alberto Cavalcanti, producer René Clair and producer Marc Allegret; the last is now working for Korda*

***The premiere** of "Stolen Life" was held at the Plaza last week in aid of refugee funds, and was excellently received. Here the stars of it arrive in the flashlights: Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave*

THREE WEDDINGS

# Social Register

*Fayer of Vienna*

### *Mr. Pole-Carew and Miss Sonia Quilter*

*Patrick William Butler Pole-Carew and Sonia Quilter were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and have gone to Ireland for their honeymoon. He is the youngest son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and is in the Coldstream Guards; she is the youngest daughter of Sir Cuthbert and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Methersgate Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk. Her sister Zoe married Brian Franks a fortnight earlier*

### *The Earl of Ranfurly and Miss Hermione Llewellyn*

*The Irish Earl of Ranfurly, son of the late Viscount Northland and Mrs. J. J. Lezard, of Digby House, Melton Mowbray, married Hermione Llewellyn at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. G. R. P. Llewellyn, of Prince Hall, Princetown, Devon, and Mrs. Llewellyn, of 53, Lowndes Square. He is the sixth Earl, succeeded his grandfather in 1933, is twenty-six*

A CHRISTENING

### *Lady Sheila Durlacher and Her Daughter*

*Mr. Esmond and Lady Sheila Durlacher's daughter was christened Elizabeth Mary and was photographed afterwards with her mother at their home, Craythornes, New Romney, Kent. Lady Sheila Durlacher is the younger daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell*

FILM PREMIERE

### *Countess Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild*

*The "Stolen Life" premiere at the Plaza was a big success, socially, as a film, and financially, £3370 being realised for the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees and the Women's Appeal Committee for German and Austrian Jewish Women and Children. Lady Baldwin was in the audience and is here with Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild, chairman of the committee which ran the premiere, and her husband. Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave, stars of the film, made a personal appearance* *(see p. 111)*

*Mr. Bertram Butler and Miss Julia Dutton*

*Bertram Salisbury Butler, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Butler, of 17, Onslow Court, S.W.7, and Julia Dutton were married at St. Baldred's, North Berwick, and have gone on a honeymoon cruise to South Africa. She is the eldest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton and the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, of Red Roses, North Berwick*

*Engagement of the Week: Viscount Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman*

*Lord Cowdray, one of the most eligible young bachelors in the country and a fine sportsman, and Lady Anne Bridgeman, the lovely daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bridgeman, are big social news as an engaged couple. Lord Cowdray, twenty-nine next month, succeeded his father as third Viscount in 1933, owns Cowdray Park in Sussex and Dunecht in Aberdeenshire, shoots, hunts, fishes, but above all, plays polo—he is non-playing captain of England's Westchester Cup team this year. Lady Anne Bridgeman, twenty-six this year, is an excellent horsewoman, has lately become an interested gardener*

UNIVERSITY CEREMONIAL

*The Duke of Devonshire in Leeds*

*The Duke of Devonshire was installed last week as Chancellor of Leeds University, succeeding his father, the late Duke. His younger daughter, Lady Anne Cavendish, acted as his page. He immediately had some honorary degrees to confer, recipients including Lord Baldwin, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Sir Arthur Eddington, Mr. W. J. Dulanty*

PARTIES, PANTOMIME AND FANCY DRESS

*The Kennedy Family and Dame Melvin*

*Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, back from Switzerland, took some of her family to their first pantomime—"The Babes in the Wood," at Drury Lane. The Dame, G. S. Melvin, joined their tea-party in the interval. Joseph Kennedy, Jr., was still in St. Moritz, Cresta-riding* *(see p. 134)*

*Mary Countess Howe and Two "Bears"*

*Right: Mary Countess Howe fed the "bears" at the Ladies' Carlton Club children's party. Inside the skins were Prudence Pickhard, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Jocelyn Pickhard, and Maria Wilson, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. R. S. Wilson*

*Cathy and Joseph: Merle Oberon and Leo G. Carroll*

So now it is the turn of *Wuthering Heights* to be transformed into a film. Emily Brontë's stormy, haunted Yorkshire has been re-created in the Californian wilds, fifty miles from Hollywood, where the desert is littered with historical and geographical "location" remains. Acres of heather have been transplanted from England, and with it a fine cast of English actors and actresses. Besides Laurence Olivier as the tormented gipsy, Heathcliff, Merle Oberon as Cathy Earnshaw, David Niven as her husband, Flora Robson as the maid, Ellen, there are also Hugh Williams as Cathy's brother, Hindley, and Geraldine FitzGerald as Edgar's sister, Isabella. Leo G. Carroll, who plays Joseph, has been acting in America since 1924, but was born in Northamptonshire. But the authors of the screen play are American—Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. And the director is American—William Wyler, among whose successes have been *These Three* and *Dead End*

*Sam Goldwyn's Yorkshire in California includes Five Miles of Stone Walls*

# "Wuthering Heights"

## Hollywood's Film of the Brontë Novel Has an English Star Cast

*David Niven as Edgar Linton*

David Niven, Merle Oberon's husband in *Wuthering Heights*, was at one time frequently rumoured her fiancé in real life. Laurence Olivier, the wild, passionate Heathcliff, has been invited to play Hamlet in the outdoor presentation at the Californian World Fair, with Vivien ("Scarlett O'Hara") Leigh as his Ophelia

*Flora Robson as Ellen Dean*

*Laurence Olivier as Heathcliff*

***Sir John Herschel.*** *The quality of this photographic portrait made c. 1870 by Julia Margaret Cameron has not been surpassed and rarely equalled. Also by her are portraits of Tennyson and Browning*

***A Calotype*** *taken by David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson. The subject is Miss Matilda Rigby*

***An early testimonial*** *by photography was made for a horse-tamer by Caldesi and Montecchi*

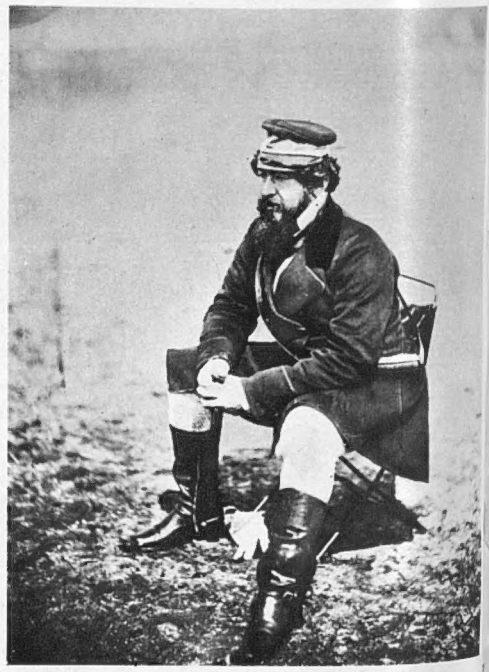
# A Hundred Years of Photography

## An Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

*"Sunshine and Shade," by F. R. Pickergill, A.R.A.*

To-day, in Room 73 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, there opens an exhibition which covers the historical part of photography's first hundred years—from 1840 to 1900. The exhibits have been taken from the library of the museum and have been chosen for their artistic or historical interest. For the craftsman there are Daguerreotypes, original Calotype negatives and prints, the first book ever published with photographs, a selection of carte-de-visite portraits. For the historian there are photographs of the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Paris Commune, as well as portraits. The exhibition is excellently catalogued and laid out. Admission is free

***Left:*** *Mr. Pickergill's photograph is an early example of posed composition. It was published in "The Sunbeam" in 1859*



***War correspondent, 1855:*** *this picture by Roger Fenton shows William H. Russell, Times correspondent in the Crimea. Russell, by his despatches on conditions at the front, very much aided Florence Nightingale*

*Chairman: Leonard Sachs*

*Lecture on grand opera: Bernard Miles*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*Top-hat mellerdrammer: Frith Banbury, Alec Clunes, Archie Harradine*

# The Theatre:

## By Herbert Farjeon

***"Ridgeway's Late Joys" (Players')***

If you have not yet discovered *Ridgeway's Late Joys*, there is a very pleasant surprise waiting for you some night round about half-past eleven at the little Players' Theatre Club in King Street—with, after that, in all probability, many happy returns of the visit, for the same clientèle (with variations) returns again and again to consume its gin and hot-dog, and to join in the choruses that are sung on the very premises that were known in early Victorian days as Evans's Song and Supper Rooms. The atmosphere is friendly, free-and-easy, and Dickensian; the chairman, Mr. Leonard Sachs, has no difficulty in convincing us that this is "our" show; the spirit of give-and-take between audience and performers is so lively that regular patrons often call out the joke the actor is going to make before he makes it; we are, in short, as happy as our grandfathers, even granting that our grandfathers were as happy as they are supposed to have been.

And the reason for this is not merely that we enjoy community singing, provided that it be unorganised and unclouded by that depressing label, but that the performers are so highly talented. Managers of musical shows having discovered this, you will usually find one or two in the audience, with pencils ready sharpened to tick the likeliest names.

It was originally intended that all the songs sung at *Ridgeway's Late Joys* should be Victorian, but the entertainment has now spread well into the twentieth century, Edwardianism ("In the twi-twi-twilight") rubbing shoulders with Victorianism ("He wears a penny flower in his coat, la-di-dah"), and even Georgianism ("I dillied, I dallied") following hot on the heels of both. Sometimes there seems to be a little uncertainty over dates. Mr. Frith Banbury, a clever artist who can be brisk and baleful by turns, proves his youth by singing "Put me among the girls," in side-whiskers. It is also surprising (but here the ignorance may be mine) to hear Victorian references to one-pound notes. One does not, however, go to the Players' Theatre to pick holes but to enjoy. And who could fail to enjoy wasp-waisted Miss Eve Lynd doing the Grecian Bend, or Mr. Archie Harradine, who has a penchant for the graveyard, singing "When a man's a little bit poorly," or the inimitable Gelatine Sisters—otherwise Miss Betty Hardy and Miss Betty Jardine—reminding us of what sisters were in the days when busts were busts and ukuleles had never been heard of?

Perhaps the most brilliant turn I saw the other night was the bandsman of Mr. Bernard Miles—if he owes something to Mr. Richard Haydn, of fish fame, he has invented a character all his own, and his confidential excursion into Wagner, with a complete description of the plot of *Tristan and Isolde*, should last him for a good few years.

Of course, original credit for *Ridgeway's Late Joys* should be given to Miss Elsa Lanchester and Mr. Harold Scott, who really started the idea in the middle-twenties—the dear old middle-twenties. And do you remember 1938? What fun it was!

*Song and dance by the sisters Gelatine: Betty Jardine, Betty Hardy*

*The Hon. Maud answers questions: Robert Eddison*

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOBODY can grudge the Czecho-Slovaks, after all they 've endured for Europe's sake, the solace of that joint national anthem they 're said to be requiring. At present the Bohemians and the Slovaks have different ones (and why for Heaven's sake, incidentally, was the pleasant and historic name " Bohemia," so rich with rococo charm, ever dropped ? All right. You needn't tell us.) Anyway, we trust the new Czecho-Slovak anthem, when it arrives, will be less dismal, words and music, than the anthems other people have. Apart from Haydn's noble ex-Austrian hymn and the ever-vital Marseillaise, most national anthems, including our own, are pretty tired doggerel, as dawned on a lot of chaps early in the last great War. On which occasion, as your great-uncle may have told you, chaps in uniform had to stand rigidly to attention in concert-halls and public places while bands went doggedly through our Allies' collection, which seemed to increase every month. Before long, bands (and everybody else) got sick of it and began skipping Ecuador, Liberia, Japan, and Tierra del Fuego, if we recollect aright, so when America came in, all fresh and peppy, with three national anthems of her own, not counting " Over There," " Dixie," and " That Midnight Choo-Choo," everybody was naturally extremely cross, and often drunk as well.

The reason national anthems are so dull is that, with the exception of the Marseillaise, they were not created in fiery emotion but generally devised by some hired or State musician in a periwig. Another thing about the Marseillaise is that although those 600 dark and ferocious men of Marseilles undoubtedly sang it as they dragged their guns to Paris in '92 (" whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it," predicts Gaffer Carlyle, rather rhetorically, " with eyes weeping and burning ") it was rarely sung by the troops of the Republic, who had a homely little jingle of their own, something about " Cut 'em up, cut 'em up, rataplan, rataplan, what a laugh we 'll have, rataplan ! " For the songs favoured by chaps who actually do the fighting are ferocious, obscene, or maudlin, but never, never patriotic. Correct us if ignobly wrong.

***Throb***

So many chaps dislike their wives nowadays that it was not difficult to understand why the Fleet Street boys went so crazy over that British engineer who recently flew to Moscow to collect his Russian wife, was clapped into the Lubianka as a spy, and was released a little later by Old Big-Heart Stalin in a flood of rose-pink light. To read some of the London papers on his return you 'd think the ordinary British husband in such a situation would long ago have wired " Shoot her," and returned to his cricket-averages. Maybe we exaggerate here ; perhaps the ordinary British husband wouldn't wire at all. However, the Press boys certainly spread themselves—" The flight," said the astonished engineer, " seems to have caused more excitement than I thought "—and nobody came out of a story packed with throbs more creditably than Stalin, whose purely sentimental motive the *News Chronicle* was cynically disposed to doubt. This, we think, is unkind. You have only to look at those rosy Georgian features to perceive that the Pickwick of the Kremlin is bursting with benevolence, and that making political capital out of the romance of two loving hearts would never occur to him.

*" It must be German measles "*

It 's an odd historical fact that girls rescue chaps far more often than chaps rescue girls ; especially when the parties are married. Compare, as the text-books say, Lady Nithsdale's feat in the Tower (1716) and a score more. We can't account for this except, perhaps, by the fact that girls miss chaps more than chaps miss girls. " A woman," as Kipling said, to some extent interpreting accurately modern thought, " is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." Following which the inevitable question arises—was Kipling, when emitting sentiments like this, writing like a cad or a bounder ? The difference is important, as Mr. Hickey recently pointed out in the *Express*, a cad being a gentleman who goes wrong in the right way, a bounder a person who does it the wrong way. Address your solutions (write neatly on one side of the paper) to " Auntie Joy," care of this page, who will instantly tear up your prized communication, using the most awful language.

***Lesson***

If the Scottish Art Exhibition—or, as some lewd fellows called it, " the Caledonian Market "—has done nothing else, it has had a profound moral effect on spectators of other nations who viewed those rows and rows of craggy, virtuous pans on the walls of Burlington House. " Stern daughter of the voice of God ! " exclaimed Wordsworth, apostrophising Duty in a celebrated sonnet. It 's likely that a Scottish dial had recently swum into Wordsworth's ken and left him breathing very hard, we imagine. Duty and Conscience glared from so many of those North British clocks that we personally went weak and crimson. Even a gentleman in late eighteenth-century cocked hat and costume addressing a golf-ball on the links seemed to be piercing us with an accusing eye. (The Scots have no need to keep their eye on the ball, like the rest of mankind. This has something to do with Predestination, chaps tell us.) It 's quite, quite

*" Number three—chin in, bust out "*

demoralising, and we got little comfort from gazing on the portrait of Flora MacDonald, one of our most beloved heroines; a plain girl, with That Look in Her Eye also. What this must have done to Prince Charles Edward, with his French education and leanings, no historian has ever had the courage to surmise. Yet Flora wasn't always on duty, apparently. "Soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence," said Dr. Johnson, who met her twenty years after and greatly admired her, as who doesn't? "A little woman of genteel presence," reports Boswell, "uncommonly mild and well-bred." But Johnson never needed any moral spur, and Boswell was on his best behaviour in the Hebrides, and relatively sober.

Every man should have a certain number of Scottish friends. Owing to the influence of The Macdonell we gave up telling lies some years ago, and last summer we were sufficiently improved for him to take us to a Test Match. Yet there is no brutality in his method. He does it by example, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John Reith, a chap named Angus McDonald Fergus Alastair Erskine Sinclair McIntosh, who keeps sending us circulars about money, and a lot of other eminent Scots whose names we forget.

***Attitude***

PARISIAN cinemas, closed for a week as a protest against a new municipal tax, are now open again. We gather the citizenry did not suffer such misery as if this strike had happened in London. In Paris chaps have the cafés to go to, and from our own pitiful observation they're not as film-crazy as our populace anyway, nor do they mob visiting Hollywood stars with our native frenzy. Even La Dietrich walks about Paris not only without being chased and torn to pieces by frantic worshippers, but without being noticed, whereas we recollect one of that charmer's London appearances during which the authorities nearly had to call out the Guards; which shows how the calm, solid, phlegmatic Island Race differs from the excitable Gaul. Possibly the French attitude towards films in general—cynical forbearance, with rare, grudging enthusiasms—is part of the French attitude towards all non-French art (especially music) and indeed towards everything non-French. The activities of the barbarians in the outer darkness have never greatly interested the countrymen of Racine and Descartes, who always remember that they've led the world in culture for a thousand years, and what takes place in the celluloid line in Hollywood, where the natives eat human flesh, is hardly to be taken seriously. This, we think, is the true explanation of the French film, which calmly ignores all Hollywood rules, and thereby may sometimes turn out something startlingly good, like *Le Million*, *Le Carnet de Bal*, and Sacha Guitry's *Roman d'un Tricheur*, which last specimen of je-m'en-fichisme probably sent Sam Goldwyn into yelling hysterics. Contrariwise, a bad French film. . . . Oh (as Sarah Bernhardt once said), là, là!

It was in a big cinema on the Boulevards that we heard our very first talkie, a Nature-film of ducks on a pond. The deafening uproar when the first duck opened its beak nearly blasted the audience out of its seats. "Nouveauté," said a sardonic voice behind us. "Archi-naturel, très américain," which seemed a trifle unfair to the native sound-engineer responsible.

***Urge***

A WEAKNESS for trains, especially toy trains, which we share with many older and better men, made us late for a luncheon appointment the other day when we suddenly perceived an exhibition of models (working) in the foyer of Charing Cross Underground Station. Many other train-minded—how different from "trained minded"—citizens were also there, letting the world go hang while the latest Pullman and the latest Scottish Express, both electrified, rushed round and round the track under our fascinated noses. On the fringe of the mob several fretful small boys bobbed up and down, squeaking complaints. A grave portly citizen with a white beard turned and hissed imprecations at them. When we returned from luncheon soon after four, some of the old originals were still there, staring owlishly at the little rushing trains, and they'd be there still, probably, if somebody else hadn't booked the space for another kind of exhibition, too uninteresting to remember. Train-lovers never get enough, and by train-lovers we certainly don't mean those maudlin sissies who wept over the 1888 Flying Scotsman when it was exhibited at King's Cross recently (the *Times* reported it). We love a good cry ourselves, within reason, but people who cry over old engines seem to us despicable and decadent types, fundamentally weak and vicious, like a chap we know who bleeds at the nose whenever he sees a Teddy Bear because (he says) it reminds him of Cwistopher Wobin. Engines should make one happy, alert, and jovial, especially when, like those whacking big American and Canadian locomotives, they have bells on them. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*"It is General Attwater, isn't it?"*

# Films of the Day

## "The Mikado" Makes the Screen

By George Campbell

WELL, they have dared at last to bring Gilbert and Sullivan to the screen, and Savoyards and anti-Savoyards—people who think it sacrilege to let an American crooner like Kenny Baker play Nanki-Poo, and girl fans who say (as I actually heard one say) that Kenny Baker didn't oughter go around in a beige-and-blue kimono like a geisha girl—are all at it hammer and tongs. One hears pundits complaining of overtones and what not in the mechanical reproduction, and others saying that they have never heard better singing in *The Mikado* than Martyn Green's "Tit Willow" and Mr. Baker's "Wandering Minstrel," and why can't they have a Katisha of genius on the screen like Constance Willis? Personally, I wouldn't know.

All I know is that *The Mikado*, purely as a film, is decorative, melodious, and a trifle dull. It may be that Gilbert's satire on office-grabbing had particular point when he gave us Pooh-Bah. I don't doubt dozens of lines had sly topical allusions, which rolled the customers in the aisles when the thing was first done in 1885. To-day the dialogue has style and wit of a *démodé* kind, but the average unmusical film fan will be slightly disconcerted, I fancy, by the leisurely tempo and the reliance on a single, too simple plot, without any of the twists and amusing complications to which the American screen has accustomed us. *The Mikado* is, to coin a phrase, a feast for eye and ear. For the mind, despite the publicity blurbs about this being the first film in which the dialogue is all important, it is something of a famine.

The film gets off on the wrong foot, I think, with a long note explaining what had already happened, and then a dullish prologue. A little ingenuity would have made it possible to work every point into the dialogue in the first scene; but Geoffrey Toye—a bit of a Pooh-Bah himself, seeing that he was producer, adapter and conductor—was evidently reluctant to introduce a single new word. This undue reverence for the original, when a work has to be translated into a new medium, is always a mistake, and certainly a bit of a change from the days when men like Garrick thought nothing of re-writing Shakespeare. Not having seen Mr. Garrick's productions of the Bard, I cannot speak of the results, which, I imagine, were pretty terrible; but these days producers all go to the other extreme and treat the master's poorest lines—"Would to God he had blotted many!" said Jonson, feelingly—as if they had been brought down by Moses, carved on tablets. Mr. Shaw insists on his own work being treated with the same reverence, with the result that he has never seen *Saint Joan*, say, played half as entertainingly, as it will be when he is dead and somebody gets busy with the blue pencil.

Some rather frightful make-up apart, the acting struck me as good. Kenny Baker, despite an American accent when talking, makes an agreeable Nanki-Poo, and Jean Colin, as Yum-Yum, is sweet and dainty as a girl with a name like that should be. Martyn Green's singing as Ko-Ko has, by some miracle, pleased everybody, and Sydney Granville (Pooh-Bah) and John Barclay (the Mikado) combine presence with a knack of rolling the Gilbertian idiom effectively round the tongue. Victor Schertzinger, who made the early Grace Moore success, *One Night of Love*, directed.

*"Quai des Brumes"*

*This French film is a study in frustration, set in Le Havre, and grimly realistic. Jean Gabin plays a part typical of him—a rough, but good-hearted deserter, who fatally involves himself in protecting a friendless girl, played by Michèle Morgan (who came over for the English premiere). "Quai des Brumes" is at the Academy*

THE best film of the week, though a bit grim for some tastes, is the French *Quai des Brumes*, translated as *Quay of Shadows*, probably because that sounds more dramatic than *The Foggy Quay*. It is a study in bitter frustration. A French soldier, a good fellow at heart, but, apparently, guilty of killing somebody in a passion, drifts to Le Havre in the hope of escaping on a ship. He befriends a girl who has run away from her obscene guardian, humiliates a gangster by twice slapping his face in public, kills the guardian in defence of the girl, and is killed in turn by the gangster. The plot can be stated as simply as that, without giving the slightest indication of the impressive building up of character and atmosphere, the artful creation of suspense, and the pathos of these waifs' efforts to escape from the fates that pitilessly pursue them. Some people will find the film intensely depressing. I didn't. Despite its tragic finale, there is something inspiring in the rough gallantry of the soldier who gives his life for the friendless girl.

Jean Gabin plays the man magnificently, and Michèle Morgan is charming and moving as the girl. Two other performances deserve special praise—Michel Simon's as the bearded, lecherous guardian, and Pierre Brasseur's as the cowardly, neurotic gangster. Marcel Carne has directed brilliantly.

"VALLEY OF THE GIANTS" contains every character and situation known to Western films since the screen was young—clean-hearted hero, ruthless capitalist, tough but kindly girl gambler, fights by small men for their rights, the blowing up of a bridge, the stopping of the train bearing the heroine, on the Very Brink of Death, and a final battle for possession of a dam; the whole staged in Dr. Kalmus's Technicolor against God's Great Outdoors. Wayne Morris, Claire Trevor and Charles Bickford are the featured players.

OF two new British pictures, *It's In the Air* (George Formby) and *Everything Happens To Me* (Max Miller), I need only say that Formby fans will find the first very funny, and that Miller fans will (I hope) find parts of the second rather disgustingly crude.

"Snow Holiday" II.

# Run and Jump

**This year Norman Parkinson visits the French Alps for the "Bystander" and these pictures are the first of a series complementary to last season's "Snow Holiday"**

Ski-jumping is a sport for very young men. It calls not only for the utmost in nerve and muscle, but for a Weltanschauung which takes no heed of consequences. The crowd waits down below, the judges wait in their box on a tower, the steward at the take-off waves his flag and cries "Couttet!" and the competitor of this name pushes off down the steep slope of ice (right) on his specially wide and waxed skis. The length of his leap depends on the speed of his run and the strength of his jump: to both ends he crouches (below). For what happens when the jumper jumps, turn over

"Snow Holiday" II.

# Run and Jump

*(Continued)*

After the run on the previous page comes the jump. The competitor launches himself into space, the wind whistling in his vorlage trousers, beating the air with his arms in an effort whose value is largely psychological and showmanly. On the right, a dark silhouette in this picture, the judges watch carefully. Two hundred feet below, the spectators gape up. The jumper here is Roger Allard, one of Megève's best ski-ers. The runner on the previous page is Georges Couttet, of Chamonix, world champion at this sport and brother of James Couttet, champion of Downhill ski-running. The event was held at Megève this month for the grand prix of the Ski Club de Paris, and most of Europe's best jumpers took part. They were eagerly watched by their team managers, for the jumping was a preliminary try-out of form for the international (FIS) competition at Zakopane, Poland, next month. The Megève winner was Lantscher, a German, who cleared 48 metres

*Norman Parkinson*

***Roger Allard*** *jumps out*

*from Megève's tremplin de saut during the contest for the grand prix of the Ski Club de Paris*

*Guy Massey and Maude Lloyd in "Soirée Musicale"*

*Maude Lloyd as La Déesse de la Danse (from Milan) in "Gala Performance"*

*Anthony Tudor as in "Gala Performa*

*An Aristocrat in Love—Anthony Tudor in "Gallant Assembly"*

# The London Ballet

## Three Dancers from the New Company at Toynbee Hall

*Guy Massey, here seen in an action study from "Soirée Musicale," was one of the soloists in the Markova-Dolin company*

*Cavalier with Maude Lloyd*
*e," one of his new ballets*

*Photographs*
*by Anthony*

*Maude Lloyd, première danseuse of the London Ballet*

*More recently Massey took over Anton Dolin's roles in "All the Best" at the Blackpool Opera House, when Dolin left to join Educational Ballets in Australia*

The London Ballet is a new company in a new theatre with the prospect of building up an audience new to its art. Its home is Toynbee Hall, in Whitechapel, where a well-equipped and attractive little theatre is part of the Golden Jubilee Extension opened in November. Its founder, director and choregrapher is Anthony Tudor, whose work has hitherto been done chiefly for the Ballet Club. The repertoire contains a number of the ballets he arranged for Marie Rambert, among them *Dark Elegies, Descent of Hebe, Jardin aux Lilas, The Planets.* New works are *Gala Performance (*Music by Prokofiev), and *Opera Ball* (music by Heuberger), the latter having had its premiere on Monday night. The decor for both is by Hugh Stevenson. The leading dancer of the company is Maude Lloyd, an experienced and sensitive artist, whose clean technique, elegant line, and sense of style and characterisation are well known to Ballet Club members. Other soloists, besides Guy Massey and Anthony Tudor himself, are Gerd Larsen, a vivacious Norwegian, and Peggy van Praagh and Hugh Laing, who were both in Agnes de Mille's small company. Hans Gellhorn, the musical director, and Dorothy Moggridge provide the music on two pianos. Performances take place each Monday fortnight

Sub-debutante Bess Steele

Daughter and Mother, Frances and Irene Rich

*Irene Rich, film-star of the silent days, is now a leading radio-star, and does a sketch a week for a fabulous sum. Her daughter, Frances, is a sculptress whose monument to Army and Navy nurses was recently unveiled in Washington. She is now doing bas-reliefs for Purdow University, Indiana. Bess Steele, pretty, supple, long-legged, was at Palm Springs for the Christmas holidays, is just finishing her education at the Sarah Lawrence School in New York*

*Rodeo Queen*

*Real cowboys and cowgirls come into Palm Springs for Saturday night hillbillies and Scotch. This one is Francella Abbott, rodeo queen for 1938, which means the best cowgirl of the year*

# Palm Springs (1)

## Playground for Stars and Socialites in the Californian Desert

*Contessa Dorothy di Frasso, formerly Dorothy Taylor, of New York, and Claud Grahame White's first wife, lives in California and entertains largely. She used to own the Villa Madama, where Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax stayed in Rome*

*Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, are typically Hollywood stars in Palm Springs holiday dress. With them at the Racquets Club was turbaned Amanda Duff, Santa Barbara ex-debutante, who is now in pictures. She was in a Shirley Temple film with Charles Farrell*

*Contessa Dorothy di Frasso*

*The Charles Farrells, Amanda Duff*

*The Leslie Charterises, Lester Stoeffen*

*Cherokees in War-Paint*

*There are big Indian reservations near Palm Springs, and a Cherokee quarter in the town, where is the one spring of Palm Springs. These four Cherokees in full war-paint and feathers were playing their tom-tom at a tribal ceremony*

*Leslie Charteris (left) is the English thriller writer: "Follow the Saint," just out, is his latest and twentieth. He and his American wife live in a £2000 luxury trailer in the desert near by, where the cowboys laugh at his eyeglass. Between them here is Lester Stoeffen, the startlingly handsome Californian tennis player*

*John Brandeis and Walt Disney*

*Left: the great Walt Disney was refereeing some Palm Springs polo disguised as a cowboy. John Brandeis, who was playing in the game, is described as a "wealthy sportsman"*

*Joe Schenck and Two Film Actresses, Cheri Kova and Mae Sunday*

*Joe Schenck's Palm Springs abode is long, low, palatial, Mexican in style. The Hollywood magnate had these two actresses lunching with him on the patio by his swimming-pool*

In the desert 130 miles from Hollywood, Palm Springs is still new enough to be news, even in California where a 1918 building equals Elizabethan. There are no trees except a few palms, and only one spring. Villas, low and Spanish with patios, are built into reddish-brown rocks, like film-director Edmund Goulding's group of white cottages, one of which he lends to Garbo. The richest stars make it their get-away from Hollywood's artificiality. They buy Western hats, hire bicycles to tour the luxury shops on the one and only main street, bathe in the El Mirador pool, which has a submarine observation chamber, lunch and play tennis at the exclusive Racquets Club, dine in a rotunda decorated by Tom Douglas, play polo, sing hillbillies with cowboys and millionaire visitors on Saturdays, and ride over the endless alfalfa surrounded by the odd mountains whose origin worries geologists. All this in clear champagne air, and unbelievable beauties of light and colour

*Palm Springs landscape, featuring El Mirador Pool and the strangely-shaped Californian mountains*

*Lee Garmes*

# The Hon. Theodora Benson

Theodora Benson lives in a flat in Pavilion Road, Chelsea, and writes. To her credit she has six novels with visual titles and three travel books, and—with the Hon. Betty Askwith—two more novels and three humorous compilations known as the nutshell series: *Foreigners, or the World in a Nutshell; Muddling Through, or Britain in a Nutshell; How to Succeed, or the Great in Nutshells.* She is also a regular contributor to periodicals like *Harper's* and *Country Life.* Theodora Benson is Lord Charnwood's younger daughter, which provides an easy explanation for her literary bent (he took a first in Classics from Balliol and has published four or five books). She is also a niece of Sir Frank Benson, and she is all the world to Miles, the aged cocker

# Gardener's Chronicle

## By R. C. Jenkinson

A new series of articles for the victims — always increasing in number — of the happiest of obsessions

*Smooth silver birch stems and rugged Scots pines line a woodland walk*

### *Flowering Shrubs*

IN my last article I was talking about the shape of trees, but now let us get back to winter and think about some flowering bushes. I suppose that the first to leap to one's mind is witch hazel, of which there are several varieties. Hamamelis mollis is the best—one of the best of all flowering shrubs. It comes from Japan and will grow as high as fifteen feet. Its bright yellow, fragrant flowers appear in clusters on the stiff, naked shoots any time from January to March, as the weather dictates. Its flowers are stalkless, like those of the rest of the family, and consist of narrow, strap-shaped petals about half an inch long. The fat buds sit tight on the twigs, waiting for a propitious moment to unfold. It is delightful to cut twigs of this, ribes, viburnum fragrans, and nuttallia, and watch them respond to indoor warmth. Hamamelis japonica and its forms, arborea and zuccharinana, are all winter charmers of the same spreading arborescent habit; the latter lemon-yellow, with arborea, as its name implies, the biggest grower.

The habit of all these witch hazels is open, so they should not be bunched up with other shrubs: they want ultimately plenty of room and to show off their golden flowers are best seen against a dark background. I like them either loosely planted in a shrub border with a ground of russet leaves or even naked soil, or else in turf with an interplanting of muscari azureum, the early Cambridge-blue grape hyacinth, and Christmas roses. In addition, their foliage becomes pure gold before falling.

Daphne mezereum, purple or white and almost sickly sweet, is indispensable; plant it and leave it in any poor, sunny place. No frost affects it, as the bare twigs will always give their quota of stalkless flowers. Ribes, the flowering currant, and forsythia come usually a little later—the end of February or March. The former may be white, pink, or crimson, and the latter clear yellow; its best form is called F. intermedia var. spectabilis. In March it is a solid mass of colour, the flowers produced on the shoots of the previous summer. Both these plants are more effective if pruned after flowering, and not allowed to become straggly or untidy.

Viburnum fragrans starts to flower in October, and will still have some sprays out in March. It is an upright-growing bush of about twelve feet. The flowers are carried in terminal heads of a dozen or more, pink in the bud and pale pinkish-white when open, or in the form known as candidissima, pure white; they are very sweet and freely produced. This shrub makes an excellent informal hedge, for it is very quick-growing and can be lightly pruned.

### *From the East*

PARROTTIA persica comes from the Elburz mountains in Persia. There, I am told by an eye-witness, it grows into a tall coppice tree of some fifty feet, with a straight trunk. Here it is generally a large bush with no trunk, either because it is not grown in close company with its kind or other plants, so that it is drawn up, or because our plants are from layers whose nature is to spread rather than to ascend. At any rate, pruning to a good leader helps. In leaf and form it resembles a nut. In autumn it is one of the best plants for leaf colour, scarlet and gold. What is not generally realised is that in January or February it becomes a first-class flowering tree, with clusters of bright red stamens, very showy in the winter sunlight, sitting tight against the branchlets.

I have already written of the winter cherry, prunus subhirtella autumnalis, whose date of flowering is governed by the weather from October to March. This is comparatively new, but incomparably valuable, with its sweet white or pale pink flowers; but let him who grows it beware of bullfinches. I have noticed those lovely robbers calmly picking out the buds, leaving a sad story on the ground beneath the tree.

Then there is wintersweet, chimonanthus fragrans: how lucky it is that so many of these winter flowering plants are sweet-scented. This delightful Chinaman—it is not Japanese, as generally supposed—is perfectly hardy and free flowering, either in the open or against a wall, provided that the wood is well ripened. It must not be pruned in autumn, when all the potential flower-buds will be cut off, but, if necessary at all, immediately after flowering. The flowers sit stalkless on the naked shoots, lemon-yellow with maroon centres, from Christmas onwards. They scent not only the garden for yards round the plant, but any room they are put into. You can either pick short twigs or pick individual flowers and float them in shallow saucers of water. I prefer the latter method.

### *Early Bulbs*

BY now lots of bulbous plants will be in flower. Crocus imperati, already described; the lovely iris reticulata, with rich violet flowers, violet scented; various snowdrops, amongst which galanthus imperati var. Atkinsii is outstanding, sturdy, tall and large-flowered; and aconites, of course, have been out some time. The finest of them is eranthis tubergenii, with very large golden cups. They are so gay and cheerful that they should be thrown down in any bare patch of ground and left alone to seed themselves.

Some of these early bulbs, like the various early crocus and iris species, are best grown in narrow borders in front of a south wall, or on the slopes of a rock garden. A patch on a sunny ledge of I. histriodes major—be careful to get the "major" form—with very large flowers of lovely clear blue with a few orange markings in the throat, on stems nearly four inches long, with snowdrops and the tiny golden trumpets of narcissus minimus, is a charming combination, but aconites, anemone blanda and nemerosa, scillas, muscari, and the like are best planted in broad drifts, either in bays amongst shrubs or in grass.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 175

# Americana : by Sally Benson

**A Short Series of Penetrating Sidelights on American Life and Character**

## No. 3—Profession : Housewife

*Illustrations by Archie Savory*

ALTHOUGH the window by the breakfast nook was open, it was very warm. The yellow-and-white gingham curtains hung still, and the blue oilcloth tie-backs showed beads of moisture. Even the painted table-top felt damp and sticky, and Joe Grannis was conscious of the discomfort of the hard bench on which he sat. He heard Dorothy tear open the letter, and leaning back as far as he could, he shook out his paper and held it before his face.

In a few minutes she slapped the letter down on the table, so hard that the coffee in her cup spilled over into the saucer. "I might have known," she said. "They can't come. At least, she *says* they can't come."

Although it was what he had expected, Joe Grannis lowered his paper and managed to look surprised. "That 's funny," he answered. "Maybe some other time."

"Some other time," his wife repeated. "Don't be dumb! The point is they don't want to come, now or any other time."

"I wouldn't say that," he said. "There 's no reason why they shouldn't want to come."

Dorothy Grannis lifted her saucer and poured the coffee that had spilled back into the cup. Her face, normally a solid pink, had turned a bright cerise, and her hair lay against her forehead with the metallic fixity of a doll's wig. "I 'm sorry I asked them in the first place," she told him.

Joe Grannis made a mistake. "Well, you can't say I didn't warn you," he said. "You can't expect to make friends with people who were friends of Louise's. Those things never work out. People feel funny, sort of."

She pushed the sleeves of her chintz house-coat further up on her arms with a hard, deliberate gesture and rested her elbows on the table. "Why ?" she asked. "From the way you used to talk, I got the impression they were friends of yours. I got the impression that they didn't think so much of *Louise*, that you were the fair-haired boy with them. I got the impression that they couldn't wait until the divorce and everything was over, so they could come here again."

She looked around the bright, shiny kitchen and laughed. "My God!" she went on. "If they saw this place now it might be too much for them. They might drop dead. Digging this place out was like excavating. It might be too much for them to see it clean for a change."

Joe Grannis took his watch from his pocket and looked at it. He edged from behind the table and stood up. "Time to go," he said.

"I suppose so," she told him. "You never know the answers to anything. Well, what are we going to do to-night ? Sit here and listen to the radio ?"

"Now, don't be sarcastic," he answered. "You 've got friends of your own. Why don't you call Ruth and Van up, and ask them out ?"

"And have them wondering why nobody else ever drops in ?" she asked indignantly. "That was all right at first. They didn't think anything of it the first few times. But the last time she acted plenty funny about it. Wanting to know if I didn't get lonesome here all day and everything. I 'd rather rot."

He looked at her and his face grew set. "Suit yourself," he said. "And since you 're speaking of impressions, I got some myself. I got the impression that all you needed to make you happy was a home of your own, and to be able to quit work. God knows you sang that tune long enough! Three years, wasn't it ? Well, you got what you wanted. You 've spent money like a drunken sailor on this place, and if you can't make friends for yourself, I can't help you."

"Well, really!" she exclaimed, her voice politely formal. "Really!"

SHE remained seated at the table until she heard the front door slam behind him, and then she got up and, with brisk, efficient movements, carried the breakfast dishes to the sink. The sink was of glaring yellow porcelain, and the faucets were shiny and new. The hot water on her hands made her feel warmer and she pulled down the zipper of her house-coat. Her grasp on the dishes was rough, but she arranged them almost gently in the wire rack to drain.

Pretty soon now the girls would come straggling into the office where she used to work, cool and neat in their new summer dresses. Because the day was warm, the atmosphere about the place would relax, and Mannie, the office boy, would be sent to the drug-store for double cokes. There would be gossip and cigarettes in the wash-room, and speculation as to whether Mr. Ackerman would leave early for a round of golf.

She opened the drawer of the kitchen cabinet and took out a towel, yellow, with blue feather-stitching, and dried the dishes hurriedly. Glancing at the clock and seeing that it was not yet nine, she tried to slow her movements. She wiped the breakfast table with a damp cloth and put away the oilcloth doilies.

The dining-room was cool and bare. In the centre of the shiny mahogany table was placed an etched silver bowl, around which huddled four thin, silver candlesticks. Going to the sideboard, she opened the drawers one by one, looking with satisfaction at the rows of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons lying on their squares of felt. In each drawer was a lump of camphor, to prevent tarnishing.

The stairs led out of the dining-room, and she walked up them to the upstairs hall. Four doors opened out into the hall, but only two of them stood ajar—the door to the bathroom and the one to their bedroom. She liked to keep the extra bedrooms shut off until she felt she could do them over decently. There was little disorder in their own room. Joe's striped silk pyjamas lay folded on his bed, and her pale-green satin nightgown lay on a chair by the window. She hung these in the closet and then spread the beds, fitting their lavender taffeta covers smoothly.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

# "Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! look out! Don't yer know it's dangerous to point a shell at anyone?"

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## The Neo-Pickwickians

### By V. S. Pritchett

NEARLY a hundred years ago a society was formed in London which instructed four of its members to send in "authenticated accounts of their journeys and investigations, of their observations of character and manners, and of the whole of their adventures, together with all tales and papers to which local scenery may give rise." The voluntary principle is strong in English institutions, and the decision that the scientists should pay their own expenses was enthusiastically received; and although it was a time of national danger—boilers were bursting, and the minds of coachmen unsettled—the first Mass-Observers, led by Mr. Pickwick, set out. Since their day, the idea has succeeded in America, where people have a passion for being interviewed and filling up questionnaires: "Of 100 women examined in Kansas, 35 said they were happily married, 25 said they were fairly happily married, 15 were unhappily married and the rest have been filed as Various or Indifferent." To the selfless work of scientific research we owe thousands of illuminating pieces of information like this. Now, under the shadow of international war, the movement has come to England, bringing with it the original Pickwickian instinct for publicity, and purports to be the effort of the masses to know themselves. It is led by those well-known specimens of the massman or lumpenproletariat, Tom Harrisson (Harrow, and son of a general) and Charles Madge (Winchester, and poet).

The new Penguin Special, *Britain by Mass Observation* (6*d.*), is the most interesting record by the neo-Pickwickians so far. They have dug up some engrossing facts about the Lambeth Walk which has become a kind of mass-movement itself; and there are some enlightening remarks about the group crazes of to-day. But on the main subject, public opinion on Mr. Chamberlain and the Crisis, Mass-Observation is as big a frost as it was on the Coronation. The Observers simply tell us, at preposterous length and with all the bathos of statistics, what we know already—that when our opinion is uninstructed it is always up one minute and down the next. And except for some amusing examples of vernacular English—full marks go to the barmaid who, when asked by a Mass-Observer what she thought of Hitler's march into Austria, replied: "Oh, I'm not fussy"—this part of the book is not very useful. It is given as a discovery, for example, that the more acute the last crisis became, the more people tended to say there would be no war! Even if one knew no elementary psychology, even if one never noted one's own reactions or those of one's friends, there was the *Daily Express* of those days, chanting itself, with every issue, into a deeper and deeper hypnotic trance.

If Mass-Observation is still in many respects dubious anthropology and statistical platitude, its chief virtue seems to me that it might liven the tedium of contemporary Press-reporting. It may break the dope-ring. English reporting in the popular Press is being killed by gentility, the "story" mania, and the status quo lullaby of its proprietors. Here Mass-Observation is a good counter irritant. It asks silly questions—see the painful ones put to all-in wrestling fans—but it has found, for example, such things as an excellent and vital narrative by a working engineer on a day in his life, a narrative representing that 60 per cent. of England the wish-fulfilment Press has never heard of.

*Tom Harrisson*

*Is co-founder with Charles Madge of Mass-Observation, some of whose findings have appeared in a Penguin Special, reviewed here. Harrisson was a biologist and an observer of birds in the Arctic, Borneo and Western Pacific, and of the cannibal natives of Malekula, before he turned his attention on his fellow-countrymen*

MRS. MALACHI WHITTAKER has done some good short stories of ordinary provincial life. Now she has written a book which is hard to describe, and which is something between an inconsequent autobiography and a rambling journal. It is called *And So Did I* (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). I read eagerly everything she writes, less because of her matter than because of her fresh, naïve, unabashed way of writing. This portrait of herself has the same everyday untidiness and lack of embarrassment. There are authors whose many personalities crowd egoistically forward when they are writing about themselves; one is amused, but one disbelieves them utterly. Like all committees, they are incapable of truth. But here sits Mrs. Whittaker, getting a bit stout, one gathers, and a bit worried about religion, looking after her adopted children in her northern town, thinking about that time in the hospital, her honeymoon, her meals, the novels of Rhoda Broughton, motor-car rides, street accidents and the inconsequences of living. It is all flat and philosophical; an occasional cold draught blows in from the mystery of existence, to enliven her pragmatism. After the Crisis, a woman I know said: "There might have been a war and I haven't lived. I don't know what people are like. I must go for a lot of 'bus rides." This book, in a subtler way, is the "'bus-eye" view of ordinary living. And you can get off where you like. I got off about half-way.

"TRAVELS IN THE NORTH" (Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is another of those playful yet diligently informative and perceptive books of travel which were another outlet for the late Karel Capek's fantasy. This book is about Scandinavia and has innumerable witty drawings. His art—perhaps one should call it artfulness—consisted in isolating things and in making simple, almost child-like comments which turn out to be very observant. He was an artist and not a geologist, but the pages in his book on the formation of the sunds and fjords, for example, are really instructive, a geology without tears. His sentiment also was free from sentimentality; indeed, the art of rendering pure sentiment seems to have left England, and to have survived on the Continent only where, as in Czechoslovakia, the peasant-tradition still fertilises.

"THE STRONGHOLD," by Mr. Richard Church (Dent; 8*s.* 6*d.*), continues the story of *The Porch*, but is complete in itself. It is a harder and more direct piece of writing than the earlier book, and though Mr. Church's awkward literariness is still with him, particularly in the opening chapters, the later ones are real and dramatic. John Quickshott is still the overworked Civil Servant, now struggling to get out of the Service into medicine. He is an enclosed man, irritable and self-pitying, and the strain of overwork leads him into a slow quarrel with Dorothy Sinnier, his mistress. She is well-drawn. He hardly notices the war, but it is thrust on him. His friend, Phyllis Drayton, is broken by it. This is a well-knit book and within its everyday realism has passages of considerable moral perception and sensibility; but it is one where the minor episodes and lesser characters are most effective. Mr. Church is at his best when his sympathies are not too much engaged, for his sympathy is too personal. So the student, Janet, and the slangy, grabbing Brookfield stand out; and scenes, like the terrible one in the operating-theatre, remain all the more vivid for the impersonality of the touch.

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# Swiss Snow Season : Davos : St. Moritz Arosa : Wengen

***The lovely white horse*** *belongs to Herr Andreas Gredig, who rides the streets of Davos every morning. He is the proprietor of the Fluella Sports Hotel*

***The Hon. Avice Vernon,*** *Lord and Lady Vernon's nineteen-year-old daughter, is staying at Davos with her father and her schoolboy brother, John. Was photographed at the Weissfluhjoch*

***Dagmar Gibson,*** *another Davos ski-er, is a Heathfield schoolgirl who is going to study ballet dancing under Lifar. Her father is an Attaché at the British Legation in Prague*

***Commander and Mrs. Tom Hussey*** *were at Davos with both their families by their first marriages. She was the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth and her elder daughter, Lorna, was a debutante last year. She married Commander Hussey last September, and they live in Dorset*

***Actor-author*** *Arthur Macrae took his winter sports holiday in Arosa before starting rehearsals of "Sugar Plum," his new comedy in which he is also acting. Ronald Squire and Kay Hammond play leads. He is also part-author of "Under Your Hat"*

***Cresta winner*** *before the thaw was Earl Jellicoe, who, after one week's riding, was first in the Mrs. Heaton Cup; Joseph Kennedy, Jr., with him here, and also a week-old novice, was second. There was only two-tenths of a second between their times*

***Wives at Wengen*** *were Tufnell and Mrs. Bartle husbands are both M.P.s. a-half weeks' holiday ends when Parliament reassem-is American, was Rosemary*

***Barbara Graham Hutchison's*** *fall looks genuine, but you never know with snow pictures. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Graham Hutchison, of Balmaghie, Castle Douglas. Her elder sister married John Hopwood last spring*

***Diana Barnato*** *was up at the Weissfluhjoch from Davos. With her is Eric Hopton, who came up from Klosters. Davos snow held out a little longer than elsewhere against the disastrous thaw, but by mid-week it, too, had sadly melted*

***Sister and brother*** *who have been at Davos are Lady Romilly and the Hon. Edward Sackville-West. He is Lord Sackville's only son and heir, counts ski-ing as one of his chief diversions. She married Lord Romilly in 1929*

*Mrs. Richard Bull. Their whose five-and-next Tuesday, bles. Mrs. Bull Baur of Chicago*

***Members at Wengen*** *were Bartle Bull, Samuel Storey and Commander Richard Tufnell. They represent respectively Enfield (Middlesex), Sunderland and Cambridge Borough. Mr. Bull is P.P.S. to the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and he and Mr. Storey are both barristers*

***British Ski Champion*** *of 1939 is J. Palmer Tomkinson. He won the downhill race and both parts of the slalom. His sister Helen was second to Isabel Roe in the Women's Championship, winning the straight race but coming in fourth in the slalom. The meeting was held at Wengen in perfect snow and weather conditions before the thaw*

# Howard Marshall on Sport

I WISH some genius would come along and finally define the amateur status in sport. The Welsh Rugby Union have started violent controversy in the matter again by declaring that Dudley Folland, the Cambridge soccer blue, cannot play Rugby football because he is a director of the Swansea Soccer Club.

We all know that Rugby football is a strictly amateur game (and long may it remain so). Indeed, it fusses about its amateur status like a maiden aunt and makes rulings such as this one, which strike me as entirely ludicrous.

There is, for example, something about a microphone which terrifies our Rugby authorities. They appear to think that if a player broadcasts, his amateur status is irrevocably compromised.

Apart from the fact that this makes me a professional many times over, such an attitude does raise serious issues. Rugby football will have publicity whether it wants it or not; and it is surely common sense to make certain that it gets the right kind of publicity.

The authorities, indeed, should encourage their players and officials to broadcast, for only then will they be sure that the game is discussed by men who know something about it from actual experience.

If they like to be pernickety they can insist that all fees should be given to charity. But I 'm bound to say that these petty restrictions seem to show a lamentable lack of proportion.

As for the Folland case itself, that has aroused criticism everywhere; and it would be very refreshing if the Welsh Union showed sufficient strength of mind to reconsider their decision.

***Susan Noel** won the South of England squash rackets championship at Hove by beating Lady Katharine Cairns in the final. Here she is with Evelyn McTier, an earlier victim*

ANOTHER little storm in a teacup is being caused by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club's announcement that they intend to take drastic measures to stop amateur golfers receiving presents of golf balls from manufacturers.

Here we must sympathise with the authorities. There is no doubt that this practice is widespread and it seems extremely unfair on the golf professional that he should be deprived of his market in this way.

We shall never, I suppose, make an end of this argument about professional and amateur sport. I was present the other day at a discussion between Donald Welsh, the Charlton Athletic player, and a youngster who turns out for an amateur soccer team in London. And from what these two said, it was impossible to escape the conclusion that the professional has a far higher standard of ethics on the football field than the amateur.

The youngster made a distinction between what he called dirty fouls and clean fouls. A dirty foul, apparently, is the kind of ankle-tapping by which you intend deliberately to injure an opponent. A clean foul, which my young friend assured me is accepted in the amateur game, is simply the deliberate illegality, with no intent to hurt, although there is a very strong intent to avoid the referee's eye.

It would appear, not on this evidence alone, that the American football attitude to the laws is creeping into our games over here. In American football it is the duty of the coach and the players to find loopholes in the law, if they possibly can; and the man who beats the laws is thought to be not only a clever fellow, but an extremely good player.

WHILE we are in this critical mood, I note with some satisfaction that W. J. O'Reilly, who may, perhaps, be reckoned the best bowler in the world to-day, has been complaining bitterly in Australia about the over-preparation of wickets.

The more evidence we have on this score the better it will be for the game. And I hope that all those who can speak with experience will hammer away at it.

O'Reilly, maybe, will never forget bowling to Hutton on that Oval wicket—a slab of turf which should have been dug up, and carefully preserved by the authorities as one of the monstrosities of cricket. If we are to have bombproof shelters, incidentally, our groundsmen should be conscripted and asked to lay Test Match wickets above them—and then we shall be able to take cover in perfect safety.

NOW for some boxing—and it will be extremely interesting to see what happens when Peter Kane, the world fly-weight champion, meets Lebrize, of Belgium, at Leicester on January 31st.

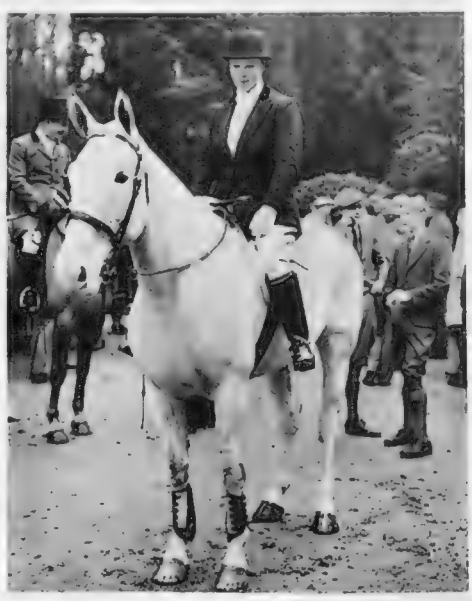
Peter Kane has been out of action for some time, and, in the meanwhile, he has had the little finger of his right hand amputated.

The question is—although Kane does not worry about it—whether this will affect his hitting power. It might conceivably do so, I suppose, but hitting is mainly a matter of timing and the correct application of weight; and the loss of a little finger should not upset that unduly. If only Kane could impart just that secret of timing to Tommy Farr, we should not have to record still another American tragedy.

Farr, by all accounts, was extremely unlucky to lose the decision against Red Burman. I don't remember such a howl of protest about a verdict for many a long day; and Farr must consider that he has had a raw deal.

For all that he has managed to retain his popularity in the most extraordinary manner. To lose five fights in a row against opponents of diminishing degrees of reputation would surely end the American career of any other fighter. With Farr, however, each defeat seems to increase his popularity with American fans. And, apparently, it is still possible that Jacobs will give him another crack at Joe Louis for the world title.

***The Oakley**, which has seen good sport and some fine hound-work this season, met at Colworth House, near Sharnbrook, recently, where this picture of the joint-Masters was taken: Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill and the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, Lord Luke's youngest daughter*



***The West Kent** met at Ivy Hatch Court, near Sevenoaks, as guests of Mrs. C. N. Watney recently, when this picture of Miss Pat Watney was taken*

# Men and Women

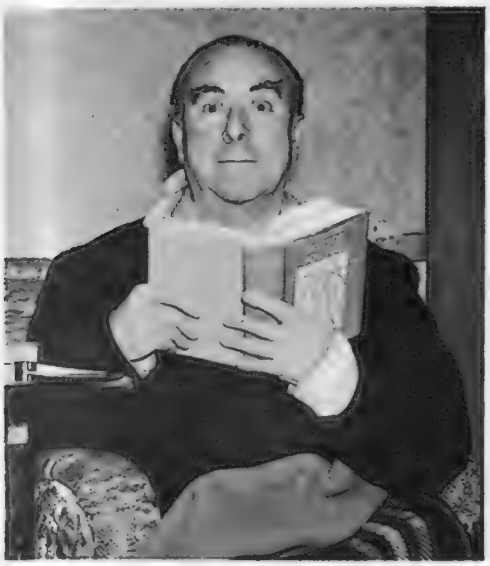
## A Personal Miscellany

*Departure for the Mediterranean*

*Left: Curigwen Lewis, Esmé Church and Sir Reginald Rowe were photographed at a meeting at the Old Vic of the company, prior to leaving on their repertory tour of the Mediterranean and Egypt. The first acts, the second acts and produces, the last is managing governor of the Vic-Wells theatres*

*Subterranean and Subaerial Artists*

*A remarkable exhibition was opened at the Stafford Gallery last week of drawings done under water. The artist is Mr. Robert Gibbings, a lecturer at Reading University; his subjects are fish life in the reefs of Bermuda and the Red Sea. He executes them in a diving helmet with a graphite pencil. Here Mr. Gibbings is with Miss Marjorie Schiele, who also has an exhibition at the Stafford Gallery which was opened by H.I.H. Princess Andrew of Russia*



*George Robey, Disabled*

*After all the lively jokes George Robey has turned in the past years about newly-married men, it was rough justice that he should be laid up by falling down (over the footlights in a Birmingham pantomime) a very few weeks after his marriage to Blanche Littler. But under her care he is rapidly convalescing*

*Riviera Resident*

*Mr. "Taky" Corvissiano lives on the Riviera, where he is well known. We print his picture in order to rectify our mistake (January 4th, p. 7) in describing him as a member of the Monte Carlo Greek baccarat syndicate. He has no connection with the syndicate*

*Hairdresser to the Great*

*This month Lord Baldwin celebrates the fiftieth year in which he has had his hair cut by Mr. Samuel Lock, of Messrs. Burgess, in the Royal Opera Parade, and has given Mr. Lock a signed portrait to mark the occasion. Mr. Lock has had many famous heads regularly beneath his scissors, including those of Lord Derby, Lord Londonderry, Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. George Arliss, but one mystery he can throw no light on is Mr. Shaw's beard, for although he has cut the G. B. S. hair many times, not once has he shaved the Shavian beard, or even trimmed it. It is his opinion that no one ever has. Behind Mr. Lock, here, hangs a cartoon of himself by George Belcher*

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Horses for Courses

THE "Horses for Courses" theory is difficult to understand, but nevertheless it is very true. Why Fly-By-Night should win race after race at Newmarket and never win, or even look like winning, a race on any other course is certainly strange, but there have been numerous cases of horses which always run well on certain courses and never run well on others.

Strange to relate, the same thing applies to men who take part in sporting events: certain cricketers always do well on certain grounds, whether they be batsmen or bowlers, and the same men continually score, or bowl, naught on certain other grounds. For example, Edrich, who is at present playing for the M.C.C. in South Africa, is a very difficult man to bowl to at Lord's, but is, to say the least, decidedly vulnerable elsewhere.

Famous footballers also have had lucky grounds. Sam Day, one of the greatest forwards who have ever played Association football, always played well, but somehow always seemed to do still better at Hampden Park, Glasgow, whether for the Corinthians against Queen's Park, or for England against Scotland.

My friend Rita Cannon has lately written in the *Daily Mail* that a good horse will jump any country, yet we have seen many supposed good horses and supposed good jumpers fail to get round the course at Aintree.

The "Horses for Courses" theory most certainly does apply to the game of golf. At the game of golf you can understand it better than at the majority of other sports, as the playing pitches of the game do vary very considerably in length, soil, hazards, climate, etcetera. Why it should apply to racing, cricket, football, and other sports which take place on playing pitches which only vary to the slightest degree, is difficult to explain.

A VERY good golf example of "Horses for Courses" is D. H. Kyle, who in the middle of the month returned the wonderful score, in winter conditions, of five up on bogey on the Old Course at Sunningdale when playing in the Dormie House Shield, in spite of the fact that he had to concede a stroke.

At Sunningdale last year Kyle was only beaten by one stroke by the winner, Alfred Perry, in the Surrey Golf Union's Open Championship, which was played on both the Old and the New Courses. Kyle and Perry played together, and the amateur led by one stroke on the Old Course in the morning with a score of 72, and gave little away in the afternoon, when he did a 71 on the New Course, a score which represented very much better golf than his morning round; but it was not good enough, as Perry did a 69. Kyle actually had a chance to tie at the last hole, but his second shot was woefully short.

For an amateur to get within one stroke of the professional who won more tournaments in 1938 than any other professional golfer, is indeed, especially at the present time, when professional golf is far ahead of amateur golf, a great achievement and probably the best amateur performance in medal play of last year.

Kyle, in 1924, reached the sixth round of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, where he produced astonishing golf against Cyril Tolley, who played well enough to win ninety-nine matches out of a hundred. Kyle is a very different golfer when playing at Sunningdale or St. Andrews than he is elsewhere.

His performances in international matches, both against England and America, have not been very convincing, and in the Amateur Championship he has done little good except at St. Andrews. It is indeed difficult to understand why he should always play so well at St. Andrews, where he was brought up, and Sunningdale, and seldom anything but ordinarily on other courses.

D. H. Kyle is a brother to Edward Kyle, who reached the semi-final of the Amateur Championship of 1913, and no relation to Alex Kyle, who played in the Walker Cup match last year.

WALTER HAGEN never won the Open Championship at St. Andrews, and, in fact, never looked likely to win it there. I am convinced that the reason for this was that Hagen had too good a golfing brain. He knew that he could hardly ever get round a golf course without playing one or two wild shots, and he also knew better than most men that a complete crash is possible at nearly every hole on the Old Course at St. Andrews. Hagen never appeared to me to be at his ease when playing on the Old Course, and I believe that he really was frightened of it, although he will never admit it.

On the other hand, he appeared to love the course of the Royal St. George's G.C. It was there that he won the Open Championship for the first time in 1922, and he won it again on the same course in 1928, when he was not quite at his best and only won because of his great courage, perseverance, and ideal temperament for the game.

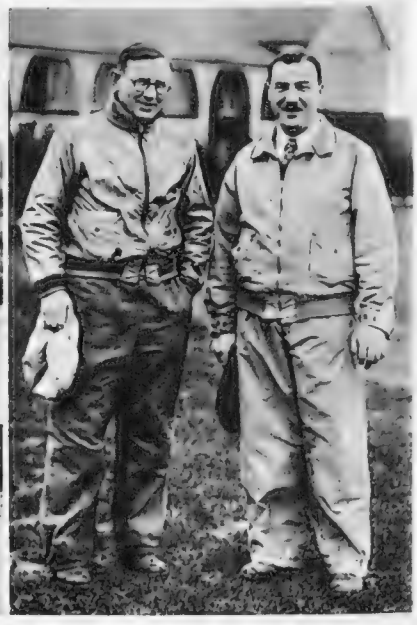
That a really great golfer can win at Sandwich and have little chance of success at St. Andrews seems odd, but it certainly is true.

*Heavy Going at Wyke Green*

***The Middlesex County Alliance's twenty-seven-holes better-ball competition was held at Wyke Green, Osterley, in terrible conditions—wind and rain, water in the bunkers, temporary greens in use. Thus the winners, P. W. Chalkley and A. C. Barnes, did excellently to return 67+33=100. Here R. T. Warren, who came fourth with F. W. Kirby, does some torpedo work in a bunker***

*H. N. Sheffield, the secretary of Hadley Wood, J. Bracey Gibbons, A. Stevenson and H. C. Jolly formed this group at Wyke Green. The former pair came second with 69+33=102*

*W. Hutton and R. J. P. Richardson, who were playing at home at Wyke Green, came third with a score of 69+35=104*



*J. Turner and R. C. Green, an Alliance pair, returned fourth best score in the Middlesex Alliance's twenty-seven-hole competition*

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**DUNLOP TYRES**

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

# Golf on Canvas: By Eleanor E. Helme

SCOTTISH art, as represented at Burlington House this winter, has to be visited for a variety of reasons. Leaving aside any question of fashion, you may argue that for sheer beauty of painting and of characters portrayed it is one's duty to go there if only to see the Raeburns. Or, a jaded Londoner longing for a breath of the north will find refreshment in landscapes breathing of holidays and in the Scots tongue to be heard all round. But golfers must most certainly go, for even one too-short visit discloses that there are three golfing pictures there, and closer search might find more.

In some of those fine, rugged, determined, thoughtful, whimsical faces that look at you from the old canvases, you will trace the character that gave the world golf, and played it as Mrs. Battle played whist. Some of those painted by Ramsay would, I feel, have crumpled up once you were dormy on them; would have been brilliant if up, weak if down; the Orchardsons would mostly have been beaten before they left the first tee; the Raeburns—well, perhaps he had the flower of the nation to paint, and their characters shine in their faces, even under the pigment. Good partners they would have been, stout opponents neither giving nor asking quarter, stern on their own weaknesses, not slow to see how they might take advantage of yours. . . .

ONE might spin many a fancy about them as players of the Royal and Ancient game, or spend long hours in searching up biographies which might tell whether or no they did actually play. But at least we know that John Taylor smote the ball, for is he not portrayed there about to do it, with a caddie whose intensity of concentration is reminiscent of nothing so much as the devoted slave who tees for competitors in the driving competition at the annual Golf Ball at Grosvenor House? And there is one Roslin, also about to strike, though the expression on his face suggests that he felt no more certain about the destination of the shot than do some folk who play the game to-day.

BUT those two are portraits, with the game only incidental; in "Golf at North Berwick," painted by Sir Francis Grant, who flourished from 1803 to 1878, we have a match actually in progress. Perhaps one should say finishing. The picnic spread out so temptingly on the right of the picture suggests that when the player has holed—or missed—his five-foot putt, the match will be over, by 2 and 1, if I mistake not which green is shown, and the two spectators on their cobs will be able to go off for a gallop along the sands.

In fact, I wonder if that putt can have any bearing on the match? The caddie is interested, peering anxiously round the players' left elbow, but the fellow in the red cap frankly looks on the issue as settled, the player with the grey top hat has taken it off to cool his brow (small wonder!), after the agitations of the round, and the other in black top hat and white trousers is obviously more interested in what Sir Francis is making of his portrait than in whether the putt goes down or not. Perhaps he must be forgiven; he is no end of a fine fellow, and we have known others at North Berwick (and elsewhere), who were not altogether unconscious of the Press photographer. I feel he was a fair-weather golfer; the one who is putting has really got down to the job, with a good tam-o'-shanter on his head and breeks that could brave a whin-bush or the sea shore—if his partner were to slice there—with impunity. He stands naturally and comfortably to that putt, thereby fulfilling the very first requirements of the delicate art: there are no contortions, no crouchings; one might even think he were about to play a chip, if the near presence of the hole itself did not testify otherwise.

And there is a whole golfing lesson, because I am quite sure that if we would only play the putts more as if we were playing other shots, our mental attitude to the three-footers would be helped enormously. As it is we arrive magnificently on the green, only to become frightened by an entirely different position, which suggests that here we have a fresh set of problems, something strange and difficult, that cannot be taken in our stride. We believe the putt will slip by, and slip by it does.

I feel Sir Francis' golfer had no such weakling thoughts, but rammed the ball well and truly into the hole. May we all do likewise when this season starts, and go on doing it.

PERHAPS when and if Miss Mabel Stringer gets her golfing museum started, we shall unearth some really old portraits of women playing golf; at the moment I can only recall one very ancient little Dutch golfess, and another in which Mary Queen of Scots is alleged to be taking part in the game. Poor Mary; she should have had something livelier, I fancy, some game that gave less time for thought.

Shall we ever discover any authentic pictures of the Musselburgh fish-ladies who played for a creel and shawl? Or shall we go no further back than the naughty 'nineties and the founders of the L.G.U.?

***An engagement*** *of interest to North Country golfers is that between Hugh (Paddy) Baker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sancroft Baker, of Corbridge-on-Tyne, and Norah Mary Plunket, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. J. L. Plunket, of Alnmouth, Northumberland*

***The marriage*** *of Miss Mervyn Barton to Mr. Sutherland Pilch last year has not dimmed but only transferred her golfing enthusiasm. Mrs. Pilch now plays in India; here she is driving at the Royal Calcutta Golf Club in the semi-final of the Indian Championship*

***The ladies*** *of the Purley Downs Golf Club held a social meeting recently: here, Miss W. Knocker and Mrs. W. Johnson at the first tee*

***Two more*** *players in the Purley Downs ladies' social meeting, which was followed by a tea-party, were Mrs. A. C. Smith and Miss H. Hibbert*

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

.....

# Below the Matterhorn

***American winner*** *of Zermatt's Femina Cup was Cynthia Taft, daughter of Dr. Roger B. Taft, of Belmont, Mass., and kinswoman of the late President of the U.S. She was also second in the Zermatt Ski Club Cup*

***Three young men*** *at Zermatt are Stephen Seiler, son of the president of the Swiss Hotel Association, Peter Lunn, and Charles Wilkes, whose father is president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. Peter Lunn is not only a ski-ing ace but a good writer on winter sports*

***Sister and brother*** *from the Isle of Wight are Anne and James Hans Hamilton, photographed at Riffelalp. Their father is George C. Hans Hamilton, of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight*

***From Canterbury*** *comes Hazel Green, daughter of Bay Green. She is an excellent ski-er. Hopes to become a writer*

***From New York*** *comes Eleanor Chandler, daughter of Percy Milton Chandler. The scribbles on her sweater are the names of winter sports resorts, including Zermatt, where she now is*

***Artist and model*** *are Amil Aufdenblatten, the well-known Zermatt painter, and a local celebrity, bootmaker Burgener, who looks rather fiercer in the portrait than in real life*

Scott Bushe

# Fashion as it flies . . .

HERE is a gown planned especially for elegance at ease, to make you feel your laziest and look your loveliest. Its artlessly gathered bodice and full sweeping skirt combine informality with magnificence. A grand gown to step into after a day's hunting, when you relax in the firelight and discuss the run; perfect for dining at home, and for all occasions when the aim is to feel casual and look captivating. The gown—a house-coat really—is made in a midnight-blue ottoman, with a coarse rib, and trimmed with ruched velvet. A slide fastener runs almost the length of the front, making it easy and quick to put on. Skirt fullness falls from unpressed pleats. Such a gown combines the charm of a dinner dress with the comfort of a dressing-gown, and is, in fact, to be found in the dressing-gown department of Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, together with others equally attractive, many of which also masquerade as dinner dresses

The bystander twins in search of Wellies

*Every woman who has worn black knows the value of good diamante ornaments. Those illustrated above come from Woollands of Knightsbridge. The buckle costs 49/6; the matching clip, 25/9; and there are horseshoe-shaped ear-rings to match*

*' new race companion that is ttirely self-sufficient and conins all you can carry in handbag and more, comes om Swaine and Adeney, 185, iccadilly. It accommodates, among other things, two purses, pencil, places for lipstick and cigarettes, and a betting book. In pigskin, moire lined, this paragon costs £4 10s.*

*No more note-making on the back of an envelope if you have a combined cigarette-case and flapjack like this one. It looks like a miniature suitcase, and has a double opening. The central division is looking-glass on the flapjack side, backed by a washable slate on which to write the 'phone numbers you always have to look up. One guinea, from Swaine and Adeney*

*Bed-jackets fit for a film-star—or two film-stars. Above, a silk satin yoke scalloped on to delicate ecru lace, tying in front with a satin bow, price 59/6. On the left, a young-looking style in silk chiffon. The yoke is made of strips of satin ruched on to lace, and the whole jacket is cunningly lined with softest Shetland, to make it as warm as it is beautiful: 94/6, and both from Jay's, Regent Street*

# Wanted—An Imperial Air Base

## By Charles Ward

### *The Present Site*

SEVERAL years have passed since Imperial Airways urged the Government to provide an air base from which flying-boat services to the Empire could be operated. Good communications with London were required by rail and road. The site had to be approachable easily and safely by air. Most important of all, a harbour or stretch of water free from surface traffic was desirable, if such could be found. The result, after numerous enquiries, reports and resolutions, has been to dump Imperial Airways in Southampton Water, one of the most unsuitable sites that could be imagined. Practically the whole of the area is either a highway or an anchorage. Each air departure and arrival is a source of unnecessary anxiety to pilots and ground staff, because of the congested state of the place. Shipping comes first, and always will come first, at Southampton. That no accidents have occurred to date is a tribute to the skill of the commanders, but it is most unfair that they should be compelled to use Southampton indefinitely.

### *Alternative Schemes*

LANGSTONE HARBOUR, near Portsmouth, appeared to offer a reasonable alternative, though its preparation would involve spending a million sterling, of which the Air Ministry offered £600,000, plus a guarantee to the Portsmouth Corporation against loss for fifteen years. This proposal has been dropped finally at the request of the Admiralty, for reasons affecting the defence of the realm, and if such reasons are sound, there can be no argument. The Air Ministry has agreed, and now proposes to spend £300,000 at Southampton Water in order to make the best of a bad job. But are there no other sites which meet all the requirements and which could be prepared in a short space of time? The *Times* has revealed an interesting suggestion by a firm of harbour engineers that an artificial pond should be constructed, and this scheme, on examination, seems eminently sound. The cost might be more than that for Langstone, but this is no reason why it should not be met. If Eire can spend half a million on the Shannon base, surely we could afford five times that amount if necessary. One can imagine the view that would be taken in Germany or Italy on such a project. Work would be found for thousands of men, and the job pushed through within a year. It is an Imperial air base, in the widest sense of the word, which is being considered, so that a long view of the project must be taken. All of our first-class mail to and from the Empire, the United States, and South America will be handled from one base, and in addition, thousands of passengers and hundreds of tons of express freight and baggage will pass through Customs in a couple of years' time. The future of our air-borne trade calls for planning on a big scale, and it will be found more economical to spend a million or so at once, rather than waste £300,000 on a site that can only be temporary.

### *The Flying Wing*

THE "Burnelli," built at Southampton Airport by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's company, has completed its first flight satisfactorily. Clyde Pangbourne, a well-known American who competed in the MacRobertson Trophy Race from Mildenhall in 1934, is the test pilot. The passenger-cabin is a room built into the centre section, which is connected to the tail-plane by two booms instead of a normal fuselage. The term "flying wing" is not strictly correct, but as that is the label by which it is popularly known, it has been retained for easy reference. A tricycle under-carriage has been incorporated, which keeps the 'plane in flying position whilst at rest on the ground and when taxi-ing, a matter of considerable comfort to passengers. Being the first of its type to be built in this country, size has been kept down to reasonable proportions for reasons of cost, and this has had the slight disadvantage of cramping the cabin as regards height. Its extended flying trials will be watched with great interest, as new types are very much in demand for extensions to our air-route system. The Cunliffe-Owen company is spending £150,000 on its factory at Southampton, which gives some indication of the faith placed by the directors in their new venture.

### *Speed Records*

SPEED being one of the advantages to be gained by flying, it follows that designers are constantly attempting to improve performance in level flight. The absolute world's record is held be an Italian seaplane at 441, and the land-'plane record by Germany at 379 miles an hour. The R.A.F. proposes to challenge the latter with a modified "Spitfire" and the chances of success seem good. Last week, cruising comfortably at 18,000 feet, a standard "Spitfire" flew from Paris to London at more than 300 miles an hour. Later in the same day it continued to Southampton, landing after dark in a gale of wind and rain, having maintained the same average in spite of bad weather. Incidentally, "Spitfires" and "Hurricanes," both of which are powered with Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engines, are to be fitted with v.-p. airscrews to secure a more rapid take-off. Another record bid is to be made as a private venture, financed by Lord Nuffield. The designer is Mr. Hagg, recently of de Havilland's, and now working with Heston Aircraft. The proposed engine is a Napier Special, with which a speed of 500 miles an hour is expected. Other speed news of the week includes the possibility of Hubert Broad as test pilot to the Air Registration Board and a report that the "Skua" reaches 450 miles an hour in a dive. Captain Broad spent many years at de Havilland's as their chief pilot. He held a light 'plane speed record of 200 miles an hour, with the original "Tiger Moth," a racing monoplane, not to be confused with the standard R.A.F. and club trainer of the same name. The "Skua" is a predatory bird which gives its name to Blackburn's dive bomber. The *Ark Royal*, our latest aircraft-carrier, is equipped with a number of these formidable weapons of offence.

### *Air Guard Instructors*

IN order to complete the training of 10,000 Civil Air Guards by the end of this year, it has been decided to issue licences of a new type to assistant flying instructors. One hundred hours is the minimum solo period required, and the qualification of instrument-flying is waived. No club may employ such an assistant except where a senior instructor is present. The arrangement will come into force immediately.

***Winner** of the Air France Ski Challenge Cup for ladies at Villars was Marilou Mallinson, fifteen-year-old granddaughter of the late Sir William Mallinson*

***Competitors** for the Air France Ski Challenge Cup at Villars are here mounting to the start of the downhill race in the funi.: Sylvia Jackson, Cynthia Seddon Brown (daughter of General Sir William Seddon Brown), Jack Bamford (London manager of Air France) and Albert Tall*

***Spectators** of the races for the Air France Cup included M. Lendi, chairman of the Villars Ski Club (left), and the Prince of Berar (centre)*

# This England . . .

*From Birdlip, Gloucester*

THE masters of old who cast the greatest spell in words shewed the most indifference to the spelling of words. To say that "this and this only is correct, by law and lexicon" would have been dismissed by Shakespeare (Shakespear, Shakespere?) as a fussy hindrance to the freedom of his art. What boots it how a word be spelt, if thought be clear and its own music sweet? But now that the matter is ordered—and public spelling bees make us righteous in knowledge when another fails—let us not mistake good spelling for much wit. 'Tis the content and right usage of a word that give richness to the English tongue—just as the mellow content of your Worthington rather than its shiny bottle or oaken cask, gives in right usage another richness to the English tongue.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

THE Monte Carlo Rally ends to-day, and after their ordeal by snow and ice the crews of the cars which win through certainly deserve to be bathed in typical Monte Carlo sunshine.

At the time of writing it is impossible to say how Great Britain's representatives have fared, but those who have got through from the Athens starting control, at any rate, must be placed high in the markings. Let's hope their skill and luck will hold in the Tests.

*Start for Monte Carlo*

*Gleaming in the bright sunshine of Athens is Mr. J. Harrop's 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar," before its start on the Rallye Monte Carlo. Mr. Harrop stands flanked by his "crew"*

MENTION in the above paragraph of ordeal by snow reminds me that after the Christmas snowfall the R.A.C. were deluged with questions regarding the use of chains, how to fit them, and the number to be used. As it is just possible that similar snow conditions may obtain again this winter, the R.A.C. has now issued the following information for the benefit of motorists who may be compelled to travel in thick or frozen snow, and who would therefore be well advised to fit chains.

Save in the most exceptional conditions, chains need only be fitted to the rear wheels.

Where the modern easily fitted non-skid chain of the bracelet type is to be utilised, a minimum of three chains per wheel is advised, and if the snow is very thick, preferably four or five. This type of chain is not suitable for disc wheels, which will only take the usual type of non-skid chain.

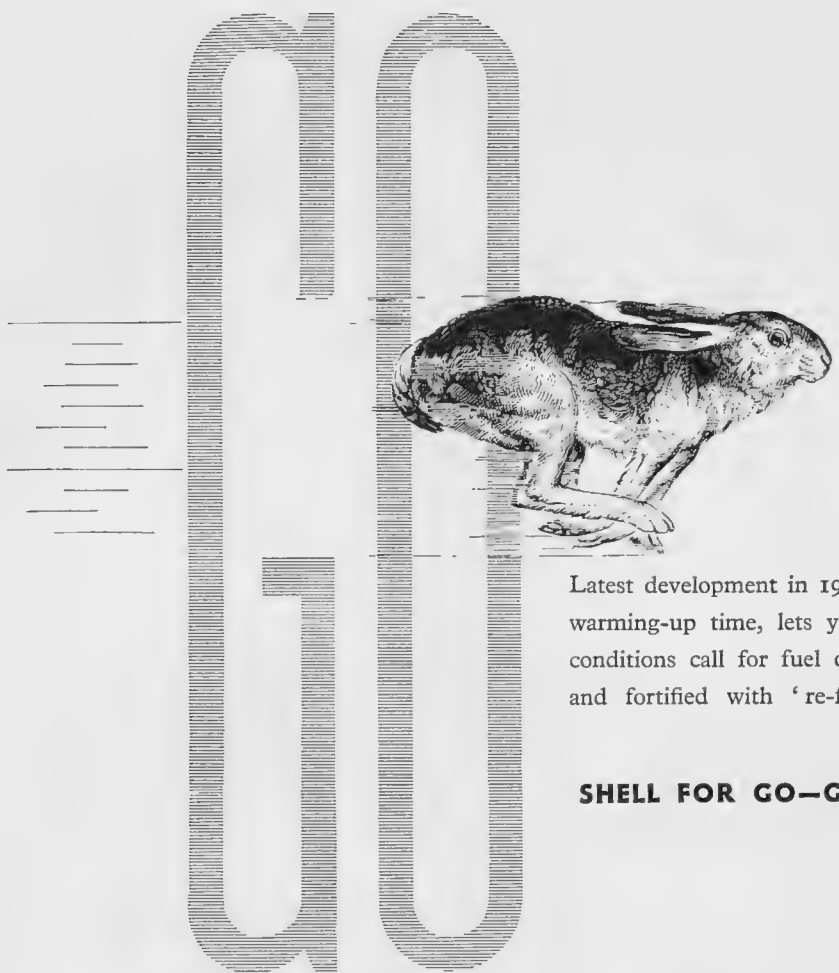
If chains are unobtainable, the tyres may be bound tightly with stout rope (half-inch section, if possible). The rope should be bound spirally round the tyre and rim.

WHEN the temperature is very low, there is always a possibility of the water in the radiator, etc., freezing. This is best prevented by the use of a suitable anti-freeze. If it is not possible to obtain supplies of one of the well-known brands which are now marketed, the R.A.C. recommends the use of pure glycerine, which may be obtained from any chemist. It should be placed in the radiator in the proportion of one pint of glycerine to each gallon of water. Anti-freeze or glycerine may be left in the water-cooling system throughout the winter.

DISCRIMINATING motorists whose tastes run to small-powered ultra-economical cars will be delighted to learn that one of the best of all cars in this field is to cost less.

So instantaneous was the success with which the Vauxhall "Ten-Four" met when it was introduced in the autumn of 1937 that within five months ten thousand of these cars had been sold. Within ten months sales had doubled. Sales kept up so well that when the Motor Show came round the Vauxhall people announced a number of detail improvements to the car at the same old price. In the months that have passed since the Motor Show the demand has continued strong, with the result that yet further savings in production costs have been effected. Passing on this advantage to the motorist, the Vauxhall Company has now announced that in future the price of the Vauxhall "Ten" standard saloon will be reduced from £168 to £163, while the de luxe saloon now costs £175 instead of £182.

This is the sort of news that gives a good start to a new motoring season.

DON'T IDLE · START · GO!

Latest development in 1939 cars is the automatic choke. Cuts down warming-up time, lets you drive straight off after starting. These conditions call for fuel of exceptional volatility. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with 're-formed' petrol, is ready for the change.

SHELL FOR GO—GO FOR SHELL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

# *Balance of Power*

The superb riding qualities and high performance of the Wolseley "Super Six" are complements of a perfectly balanced design. Among British cars today it commands the widest respect. The symmetrical beauty of its lines have been achieved without sacrifice of a dignity traditional with the best English coachwork. Its luxurious appointments are in faultless taste and match its power and smooth efficiency. And further, with "Owner Contact" —a gratuitous service of regular car inspection at your own house by qualified Wolseley engineers—each "Super Six" retains throughout its life its original superb performance.

**Wolseley**

*British by Birth and Breeding*

*Wolseley "Super Six" Saloons are priced at £395. Other models from £245. Dunlops, Triplex and Jackalls, of course . . . Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, 8; distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley St., W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., from Cowley, Oxford.*

# Profession : Housewife *(Continued from page 130)*

As she finished, the front-door bell rang briefly, and looking out of the window, she saw a man standing there, a leather brief-case under his arm. She loosened her hair slightly about her face and pulled the zipper up on her house-coat.

The man who stood at the door was very young and very thin. His light grey suit was shabby and the coat hung limply from his shoulders. He wore no hat, and his fine, light hair was too long and fell untidily over his forehead. He had been looking down when she opened the door, his whole figure drooping, but hearing the sound of the latch, he straightened up to face her, jerking his head up alertly, smiling pleasantly.

"Good morning, madam," he said.

She stood looking at him for so long without speaking that he shifted his feet in embarrassment, the smile growing fixed on his face.

"Yes?" she asked finally. "Yes?"

He took the brief-case from under his arm and, after struggling with the catch, opened it and drew forth a book, which he held towards her. Its bright, flowered cover looked worn and dirty, as though it had been often handled. She made no motion to take it from him, but he stood bravely facing her, the book in his hand.

"I 'm not interested in buying any books," she told him. "Nor anything else."

The young man laughed brightly. "This book, madam," he said, "is not for sale. It is a gift to you from the company I represent."

"Yes, I know," she answered. "A gift if I subscribed to what?"

The young man lowered his arm, slightly abashed.

"Well?" she asked, raising her eyebrows and putting her head to one side. "Am I right?"

The young man gave another slight laugh. "I can see that you 've learned, madam, that we don't get anything in this world for nothing. A lot of people haven't learned that, and I guess you must be cleverer than average." For a minute he combed his mind to gather up the first rules of salesmanship, which lay scattered there. Then he went on with more assurance. "No, this book is not exactly free, and yet it is free in the sense that you will not actually be paying for this book. What you will be paying for is a three-year subscription to *Good Homes Magazine*. And you will be paying the exact price you would pay if you went to your local dealer. But by taking a subscription now from me, you also will receive this book of five hundred tested recipes, how to set your table for any occasion, and other helpful household hints. So, you see, in a manner of speaking, this book *is* absolutely free. And what is more, madam, you are permitted to take it now, look it over, and return it to me if you decide you do not care to take a subscription to *Good Homes*."

He smiled triumphantly at her. "Could anything be fairer than that?"

Mrs. Grannis had heard his speech coldly, but now suddenly she opened the door wider and extended her hand for the book. "How long can I keep it before I decide?" she asked.

"For five days, madam," he told her. Then he dropped his professional manner, and his voice changed. "To tell you the truth, we are supposed to leave them five days. And that 's all right for guys that have a car and can come back for them. But I got to figure differently. It 's like this—I go to one of these suburbs and spend a day there. I leave a book, if that 's what the lady of the house wants, and then I stop by later in the day and pick it up. You see, we 're responsible for the books we hand out, and if you don't take a subscription you can't keep the book. The company couldn't afford it. Why, those books cost three dollars to buy."

She stepped back and laid the book on the hall table. "I see," she said. "Well, I 'll let you know."

There was something in her gesture that caused the young man to clear his throat anxiously before he spoke again. "May I ask what time will be most convenient for you?"

"Oh, any time," she answered. "I 'll be in all right."

His face cleared. "Well, let 's see," he said. "It isn't ten yet, and I 'll come back about three. That 'll give me plenty of time to cover this neighbourhood, come back and write out your subscription, and grab a train back to New York. Now, don't think I am too confident, madam, but I can safely say it will be worth your while to retain the book *plus* receiving *Good Homes* for three entire years."

He refastened the catch of his brief-case and tucked it under his arm. There was a dark spot where the moisture from his hand had stained the leather. He felt very thirsty and wondered if he dared ask for a drink of water. But the lady acted strange. To be sure, she had taken the book, but you never could tell how people were going to act if you asked for a favour. She might think he was trying to get fresh.

So, with the sun beating on his head, he stepped back from the door, smiling. "Good-day, madam," he said. "I will be back later."

Half-way down the path he turned and called to her. "You 're the first lady that 's taken a book to-day. It must be good luck or something."

Mrs. Grannis closed the door and walked into the living-room. The glare of the sun hurt her eyes and she lowered the shades. Even then, because of the newness of the light, shiny maple furniture, the room had a sort of glint. She lay down on the couch and closed her eyes, trying to decide whether or not to put on her things and run in to see the girls at the office. She could tell them about the house, she thought, and might even ask them out to see it sometime, although she had almost decided to drop them gradually. Still, you had to see somebody, and with Joe's friends acting the way they did, there didn't seem to be much to look forward to in that direction. The dimness of the room soothed her and she fell asleep.

It was after twelve when she woke up, and her head felt stuffy. She made herself a glass of iced tea, heavily sugared, and toasted a cheese sandwich on the electric grill. Then she dressed leisuredly and started for the centre of the village. It was almost three when she arrived back home, her hair freshly washed and waved, her face flushed from sitting under the drier. Remembering the young man, she glanced anxiously up and down the street, but he was not in sight. Upstairs, she took off her street things and slipped once more into her house-coat. Then, carefully turning back the taffeta spread from her bed, she lay down and lit a cigarette. She heard the bell ring in the kitchen and, propping herself up on one elbow, she peered cautiously out of the window. On the steps below stood the young man, who had come for his book. His clothes were even limper than they had been in the morning, and he leaned against the side of the door ready to spring into alert attention at the sound of footsteps. She let the curtain drop and lay back on the bed, smoking and staring at the ceiling. The bell rang again, and then, after a few minutes, more urgently.

For a long while she lay there listening to the bell, and then she got up and walked silently down the stairs. She picked up the book from the hall table and carried it back to her room. In a few minutes she heard steps once more on the outside walk, and the bell began, persistently now. She sat up on the edge of the bed and, taking the book, deliberately and slowly ripped the pages out. When they all lay scattered on the bed beside her, she began tearing them across. With some difficulty she bent the cover. Then, gathering the pieces together, she went to the window and opened it.

The young man looked up at her and the expression on his face changed. He began to smile. "Wake you up?" he asked pleasantly.

She fumbled with the screen and slowly let the torn pages of the book fall to the grass below.

For a minute the young man stared at them, dazed. Without a word he stooped to pick them up, but realising the hopelessness of his task, he straightened and stood staring up at the window. For a dreadful moment they looked at one another. Then he turned and walked away.

She fastened the screen, lit a cigarette, and lay down again on the bed, smoking and staring at the ceiling.

### *For the Animals*

A "Fifty-Fifty" stage and film matinée will be held at the Palace Theatre next Saturday, the 28th, in aid of six leading animal charities. The programme will consist of a film from a story by Miss Nell Montague, one of the organisers, and a stage show including such stars as Jack Buchanan, Yvonne Arnaud, Ruth Chatterton. The matinée is at 2.45.

In our Restaurant Supplement (Jan. 18) King's Silver Birch was said to be just off Soho Square. This should have read Golden Square. We much regret this mistake.

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The ever-pleasant background
Player's Please
By all means, ma chère, dress with individuality, give your flair for style its head . . . but be firm about your Cigarettes. The wise ones never change; the ever-pleasant background in an ever-changing world is always 'Players'.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 6d . 20 for 11½d

# Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

*Lenare*

## *Eva Marion Clark*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. H. Clark, of Cyprus Road, Finchley; she is to marry Owen John Lewis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lewis, of Antofagasta, Chile, at St. Peter's, Vere Street, on Saturday next*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Lucy Marriott*

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Marriott, of 60, Great Cumberland Place, W.1; her fiancé is Charles Frederic Bagot, The Essex Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil V. Bagot*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Paddy Lloyd*

*Dorothea (Paddy) Lloyd, of 22, Wright's Lane, W.8, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. Lloyd and Mrs. Lloyd, of Wokingham, is engaged to John Meugens, son of the late E. Meugens and Mrs. Meugens, of 28, Courtfield Gdns., S.W.5*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Betty Dore*

*Is the daughter of Mr. Michael Dore, of Johannesburg, and Mrs. Dore, of 117, Wymering Mansions, W.9; her fiancé is Temple Brooks, son of Mrs. J. Rochelle Thomas, of 18, Ilchester Place, W.14*

*Hay Wrightson*

## *Joan Ethelwyn May*

*Is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. May, of Caistor, Norwich, and is to marry Paul Stopford Clementi Smith, The Essex Regiment, son of Brigadier H. C. Smith, D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Smith*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Joan Hallett*

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hallett, of Tintinhull, Somerset, and is engaged to Albert Wyatt Martin, of Taunton, son of the Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Martin, of Guernsey*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Pamela Vickers*

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers, of 38, Princes Gate, S.W.7; she has announced her engagement to Kenneth Crawley, son of Canon and Mrs. Stafford Crawley, of 4, The Cloisters, Windsor Castle*

*Catherine Bell*

## *Lilian Wolff*

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Wolff, of The Dene, Grange Road, Bushey, Herts.; she is engaged to Paul Beauchemin, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Beauchemin, of 120, Wigmore Street, and Monmouth Beach, New Jersey*

*Catherine Bell*

## *Joan Ayrton*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. S. Ayrton, of Apsley House, Finchley Road, N.W.8, and Sydney, Australia; she is to marry Peter Vivian Conway Fry, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Fry, of Shortlands, Kent*

*Lenare*

## *Anne Dorothy Hodder-Williams*

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodder-Williams, of 78, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, and is engaged to George Colville Wyndham, only son of Capt. and Mrs. John Wyndham, of Court Place, Bathealton, Somerset*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Diana Margaret Philpott*

*Is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. R. G. K. F. Philpott and Mrs. Philpott, of College Precincts, Worcester, and is engaged to George Michael Singleton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Singleton, of The Elms, Colwall*

*Lenare*

## *Aurea Johnston*

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. Stewart Johnston, of Wood Hall, Sunningdale, Berks.; she is engaged to Gerald Parsons-Smith, only son of Basil Parsons-Smith, F.R.C.P., and Mrs. Parsons-Smith, of Lincoln House, Basil St., Knightsbridge*

Pearl Freeman

## Betty Church

Vera Florence Elizabeth (Betty) Church, youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. E. J. Church, of Ridlands Cottage, Limpsfield, Surrey, is engaged to William Brewitt Young, second son of the late A. R. Young and Mrs. Young, of Sidcup, Kent

Lenare

## Rosemary Sylvia Bromley

Is the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Rupert FitzRoy Bromley, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7; she is to marry Alfred John Owston, of 54, Upper Brook Street, W.1, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Owston

Lenare

## Nancy Lea

Is the only daughter of the late Dr. C. E. Lea and Mrs. Lea, of Chesham Bois, Bucks.; her fiancé is Colin St. Clair Rycroft Oakes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. R. Oakes, of Amersham, Bucks

Stuart Hamilton

## Rosalind Philippa Arbuthnot

Is the daughter of the late Capt. Maurice Arbuthnot, and Mrs. McKenny-Hughes, of Palace Gdns. Terrace, W.8; she is engaged to Raymond Montagu Cecil Kittoe, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. F. Kittoe, of Leaflands, South Hill Ave., Harrow

## ...arbox — Powell

Henry Sisk ...rbox, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lord ...arbox, of New York, and Mary Leigh Powell. ...ughter of Thomas Carr Powell and the late Mrs. ...ell, of Cincinatti, Ohio, and Glos., Massachusett... ...nd niece of Mrs. F. E. Powell, of Hale, Rudg... ...Sussex, were married at Rudgwick

## Walker — Inskip-Read

Donald Walker, R.A.F., Catterick, and Maureen Inskip-Read, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Inskip-Read, of Hove, and Grove Hall Court, St. John's Wood, were married last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

## Sweeney — Metcalf

Victor N. J. Sweeney, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Sweeney, of 15, West Heath Avenue, N.W.11, and Monica Metcalf, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Metcalf, of Thorpe Bay, Essex, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

## Atkinson — Eyre

Bryan St. John Mahon Atkinson, son of the late Joseph Atkinson, and Mrs. Atkinson, of Yelverton, South Devon, and Eleanor Margaret Eyre, daughter of the late W. H. G. Eyre, of Eyrecourt Castle, Co. Galway, and Mrs. Eyre, late of Leighton Lodge, Shrewsbury, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

## Stevens — Ingleby

Capt. John Auverny Stevens, R.A., eldest son of Col. and Mrs. Harold Stevens, of Greenlawns, Maidenhead, Berks., and Pauline Ingleby, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. R. Ingleby, of Sedgeford, Norfolk, were married at Brompton Oratory

## FitzHugh — Bolden

Renny Christian Mure FitzHugh, son of the Rev. N. C. A. and Mrs. FitzHugh, of Wensley, Leyburn, Yorks., and Evelyn Mary Bolden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bolden, of 4, Cedar House, Marloes Road, W., were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

# GOING AWAY

## The "Bystander's" Monthly Travel Guide

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" WILL APPEAR ONCE A MONTH FROM THIS ISSUE ONWARDS. IT WILL DISCUSS THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE.

By the Rev. Hugh Wallace

***Sorrento***—*"a small town balancing itself on a steep cliff, and almost smothered in orange orchards"*

***Ravello***—*the place about which "more writers seem to get enthusiastic and wax rhapsodical than about any other"*

## See Naples and—Further

**This month Naples is the point of departure for a tour of the Italian Riviera, followed by notes on North Africa, Madeira, and Estoril**

"SEE Naples and die!" On the contrary, everyone who has really seen Naples will realise into what an absorbingly interesting district he has come, and will want to live in and explore the whole countryside. The Naples Riviera, and by this is meant the stretch of coast from Naples to Salerno, is probably without a rival in Europe. Not only is it set in the midst of incomparable beauty, but it is possessed of a most congenial climate, for here the cold has been banished in wintertime, and the summer heat is tempered by soft yet bracing sea breezes. Little wonder that Neapolitans are a people of the open air.

BEFORE "doing" the Riviera, there are one or two sights to be seen, and jaunts made, during the stay in Naples itself. By the side of the sea there is the Aquarium, where the most uninitiated simply cannot fail to be interested, and at the other end of the town there is the Museum, with its marvellous collection of bronzes, unearthed from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among the outstanding excursions there is, of course, that to Pompeii, which everyone is keen to explore, and to the west there is Solfatara, which everyone should be keen to see. Solfatara is really a volcanic field smelling of sulphur fumes. As one walks over it the ground at times literally sways and heaves beneath his feet, and holes have been made in the surface so that beneath can be seen the gurgling and boiling mud. Solfatara is as well worth a visit as Vesuvius. This is making a large claim, but whilst Vesuvius can be viewed from a distance, Solfatara has to be visited to be appreciated. On the way there or back, most people will want to look in upon Pozzuoli, to see the Mole where, once upon a time, an inconspicuous man landed from a ship called "Castor and Pollux," a man named Paul, destined to change the thought of even far-off Britain.

During the last dozen years, Naples has been enormously improved, and most of its slums and its smell have departed; but the principal fascination of the city remains—the Neapolitan people, with their unrivalled and irrepressible gaiety.

LEAVING Naples by steamer, the Bay is crossed in two hours to Capri, the tiny island whose fame has travelled far, and which, in the course of the years, has been visited by all kinds of famous people, from Tiberius to Gracie Fields. Those in a hurry are usually content if they can manage to see the Blue Grotto, whose magical waters will make the body of the obliging boy who dives for their pence appear to be clad with a coat of silver mail. Those who are unhurried will discover not only that there are other grottoes almost equally impressive, but also that there are

two charming little towns, each quite different from the other: one, Capri, with quaint streets, and the other, Anacapri, with a touch of the Orient about its houses. He will discover, too, that there are paths through flower gardens—the island is, in fact, a garden—and that he can even indulge in a little mild mountaineering, if he makes his way to the top of Monte Solaro, a tramp easily accomplished inside a couple of hours. Capri is a dream of a place, with its sunshine, its roses, and its giant geraniums.

THE little steamer going back to the mainland first touches at Sorrento, a small town balancing itself on a steep cliff, and almost smothered in orange orchards. Sorrento, like the other resorts, has an all-the-year-round season, but makes an especial appeal to sun-seekers from February to May, and then to sea bathers from June to September. With its long stretch of sand, so easily reached from its hotels, it is indeed an ideal Lido. For those who walk rather than dip, there are enough enchanting paths to keep them going for a month or more, and in a summer month in Sorrento they are not likely to be hindered by rain.

ROUND the coast from Sorrento to Salerno, the road in many parts has been hewn out of the rock, in other parts seems almost to overhang the sea, and all the time has alongside it really riotous vegetation. The fame of this road has gone everywhere, and one wonders if there is another quite like it anywhere. Twenty miles in one of the comfortable public motors, and Amalfi is reached, lying in a situation to which the hard-worked word "picturesque" can be truly applied. Amalfi rests abruptly on the hillside, basking in the sun—so abruptly, in fact, that its steep streets are almost stairs. Not only in streets, but in hotels, Amalfi has something unique. Two of these were aforetime monasteries, one built by the Cistercians and the other by the Franciscans, and in both monastic austerity has given way to real comfort, if not to something very much like luxury. Sitting on the flower-draped terrace of either, and looking down on the fishermen mending their nets, confronted by a sea that is jade-like, and roofed over by a sky that is marvellously blue, it may well seem to the tired town-dweller on holiday that he has attained to the acme of strenuous idleness. Amalfi's imposing Cathedral claims to shelter the body of St. Andrew, and has some fine bronze doors that were brought from Constantinople, and are older than the Church itself.

A THOUSAND feet above Amalfi, and easily reached by an excellent road, is Ravello, and about this place more writers seem to get enthusiastic and wax rhapsodical than about any other. Miss Lilian Whiting writes of it as "The even more beautiful Ravello." Mr. Mackinnon underlines this by saying: "Ravello has something better in store"; whilst Miss Laughlin goes one better than both by asserting that: "The greatest attraction of Amalfi is that, from it, Ravello can be reached in about an hour." Let it be confessed at once that it almost earns this praise. Some visitors get eloquent concerning the Cathedral, and its marble pulpit inlaid with mosaics, the graceful pillars of which rest on the backs of lions. Others are lyrical about the native wines; but it is the view that wins every time, and it is to that extensive and exquisite view that people constantly return. Ravello is a gem of a place, and a matchless retreat from the world's noise and bustle, while remaining within easy reach of its amenities.

***Capri***—*"visited by all kinds of famous people, from Tiberius to Gracie Fields"*

***Algiers***—*a gateway to "the particular and peculiar spells" of North Africa*

***Egypt***—*"what is it about that muddy stream, the Nile, that lures men back again and again?"*

***Madeira***—*"an island wrapped in the genial climate created by the Gulf Stream, with luxurious all-the-year-round bathing"*

WHY NOT SLIP AWAY

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TO THE

RIVIERA—

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From Amalfi, the Doric Temples of Pæstum are but forty miles away, and to see them standing there in their solitary and solemn grandeur is not only well worth the journey, but gives to the mind something it will not easily let go.

***And Further***

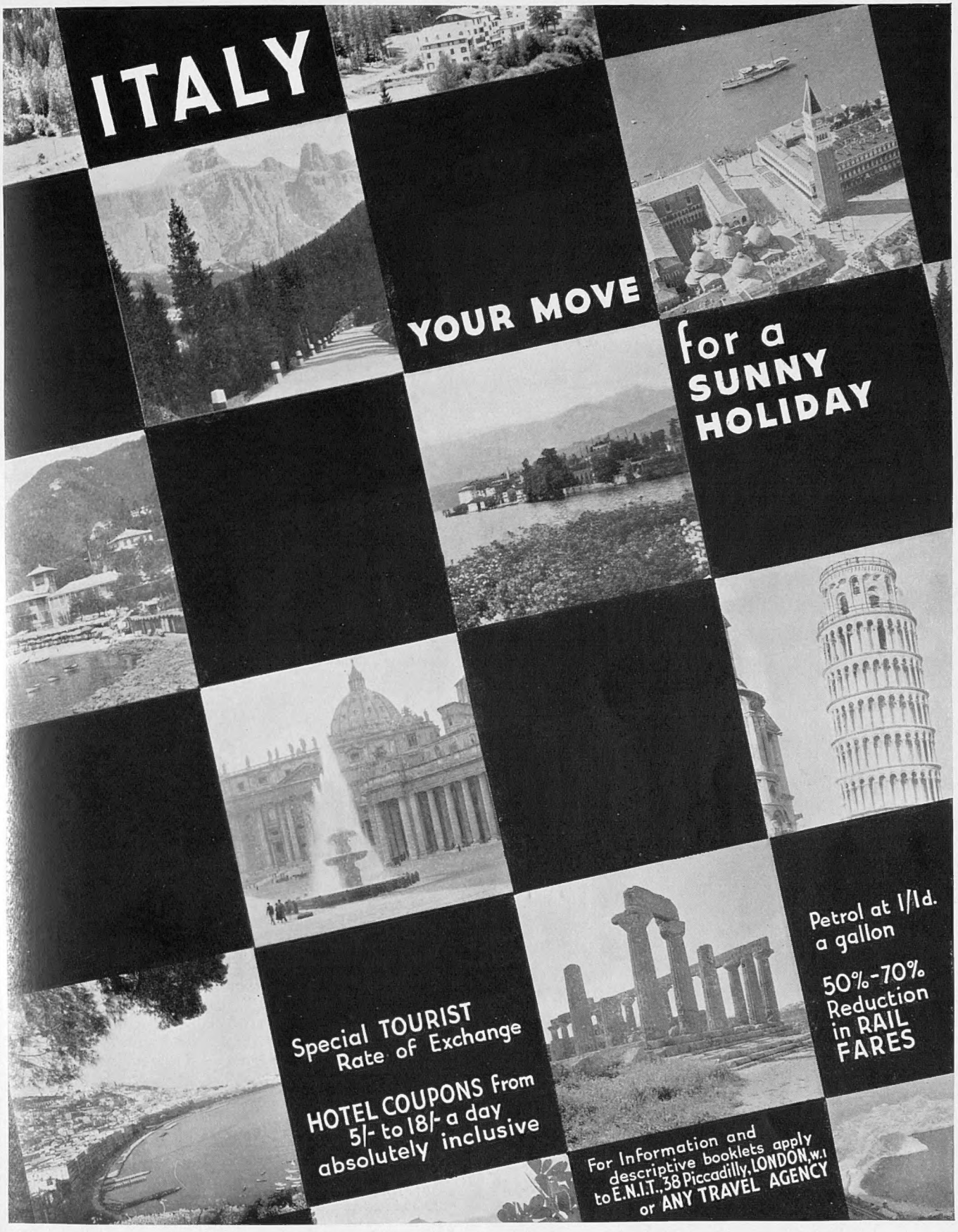
HAVING gone so far, some will doubtless desire to go farther, or to go in a slightly different direction from the beginning, and it must be confessed that there is something very fascinating about North Africa in the early months of the year. Who can really tell what it is about that muddy stream, the Nile, that lures men and women back to Egypt again and again? But that it does so is beyond dispute. Nearer at hand are Algeria and Tunisia, exercising their particular and peculiar spells. In Europe we tell the size of a town by the number of its inhabitants, but in Algeria it is by the number of its palm-trees, and the oasis of Biskra has no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand, not to speak of a golf course for the benefit of the "wandered Scot." In Tunis one never tires of the Souks, with their touch of the mysterious, and the everlasting bargaining of the buyers and sellers. The French have seen to it, too, that for the motorist there are magnificent roads.

FROM quite another quarter comes the appeal of Madeira, an island wrapped in the genial climate created by the Gulf Stream, with luxuriant all-the-year-round bathing on its coast, and the most delightful scenery and prolific vegetation in its hinterland, where the mountains sometimes rise to close on six thousand feet. Madeira has learned to cater for its visitors, and provides an abundance of outdoor and indoor recreations

NOT so far away, and easily reached en route to or from Madeira, is another Riviera that in recent years has been re-discovered by seekers of the sun. On the northern side of the lake-like River Tagus, Estoril lies basking in the warmth, and has the enormous advantage of being but fifteen miles from the capital city of Lisbon. Of the many excursions to be made on foot or by car, the most outstanding is certainly that to Cintra, resting on the slopes of the Serra de Sintra, some six hundred feet above the sea. Cintra filled Lord Byron with such enthusiastic admiration that he declared it to be, in his opinion, "perhaps the most beautiful place in the world." At Estoril there is, of course, golf, and there is likewise a casino. The Portuguese are given to boasting that in Estoril they have "the best climatic station in Europe during the winter." Strange that they should so persistently overlook the fact that, down through the cork country, at the southernmost extremity of their land, is little Praia da Rocha, sheltered from every chilly wind, with a bathing-beach that is positively warm, caves that form excellent dressing-rooms, and the most weirdly shaped rocks that ever were. What more can any man want than such sea and such air, and just to think about them and about the place itself is enough to compel one to re-echo the words of the experienced English traveller, who declared of this spot that it was the very place to "put the perfect finish" to a holiday.

H. C. V.

*Estoril—"there is, of course, golf, and there is likewise a casino"*




**Spring** comes to Europe via **Italy.** Already the valleys of SICILY are pink with almond blossom and by the first week in February the NAPLES RIVIERA, the valleys of TUSCANY and the LIGURIAN RIVIERA will have awakened to another glorious and colourful year.

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*Chief General Manager:* HERBERT A. ASTBURY

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

*December 31, 1938*

### Liabilities

| | £ |
|---|---|
| Capital paid up | 15,158,621 |
| Reserve Fund | 12,410,609 |
| Current, Deposit and other Accounts | 464,249,757 |
| Acceptances and Confirmed Credits | 8,734,236 |
| Engagements | 8,483,612 |

### Assets

| | £ | £ |
|---|---|---|
| Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England | | 53,651,380 |
| Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks | | 17,813,029 |
| Money at Call and Short Notice | | 25,089,239 |
| Investments at or under market value | | 118,869,021 |
| Bills Discounted: | | |
| British Treasury Bills | 27,035,202 | |
| Other Bills | 21,463,608 | 48,498,810 |
| Advances and other Accounts | | 209,255,066 |
| Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements | | 17,217,848 |
| Bank Premises and other Properties | | 9,689,274 |
| Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. | | 937,500 |
| Investments in Affiliated Companies: | | |
| Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. | | 1,795,836 |
| The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. | | 3,195,114 |
| North of Scotland Bank Ltd. | | 2,579,843 |
| Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. | | 444,875 |

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## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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**Cannes. — Cavendish Hotel.** — First - class family hotel; all comforts; full south. Near Casino and beach. Very moderate terms.

**Cannes.–Htl. Grande Bretagne.**–Sunny pk. Motor service, casino, golf, Bridge rm. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 gns. & £5 weekly.

**Cannes.—Hotel "Les Sablons."**—Croisette. Garden. Quiet. Cen. h. Bed. (h. & c.). First-cl. cuisine. 56/5 wk. incl. bd., service, taxes.

**Cannes.—Hotel Mont Fleury.**—
Large Park.
Manager: G. Tamme.

**Cannes.—Hotel Regina.**—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

### FRANCE—*continued*

**Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.**—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 120, with bth. fr. Frs. 140.

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## CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

### GERMANY—*continued*

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### SWITZERLAND—*continued*

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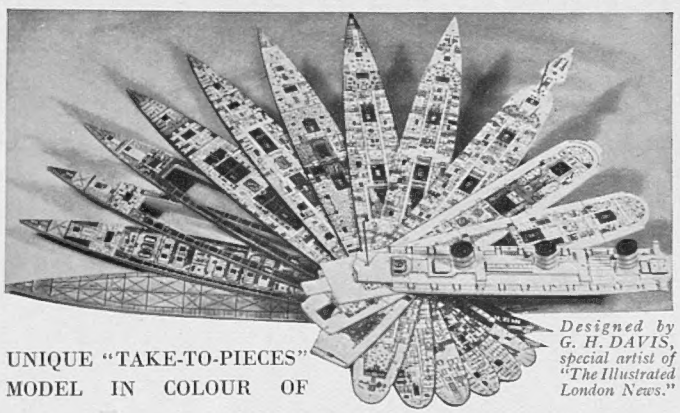

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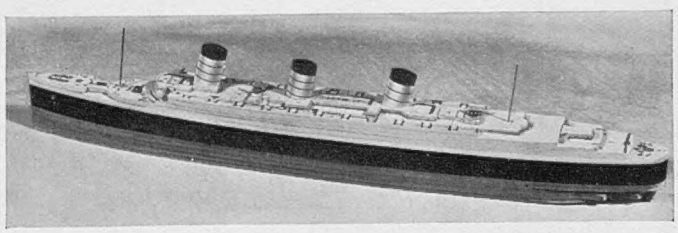



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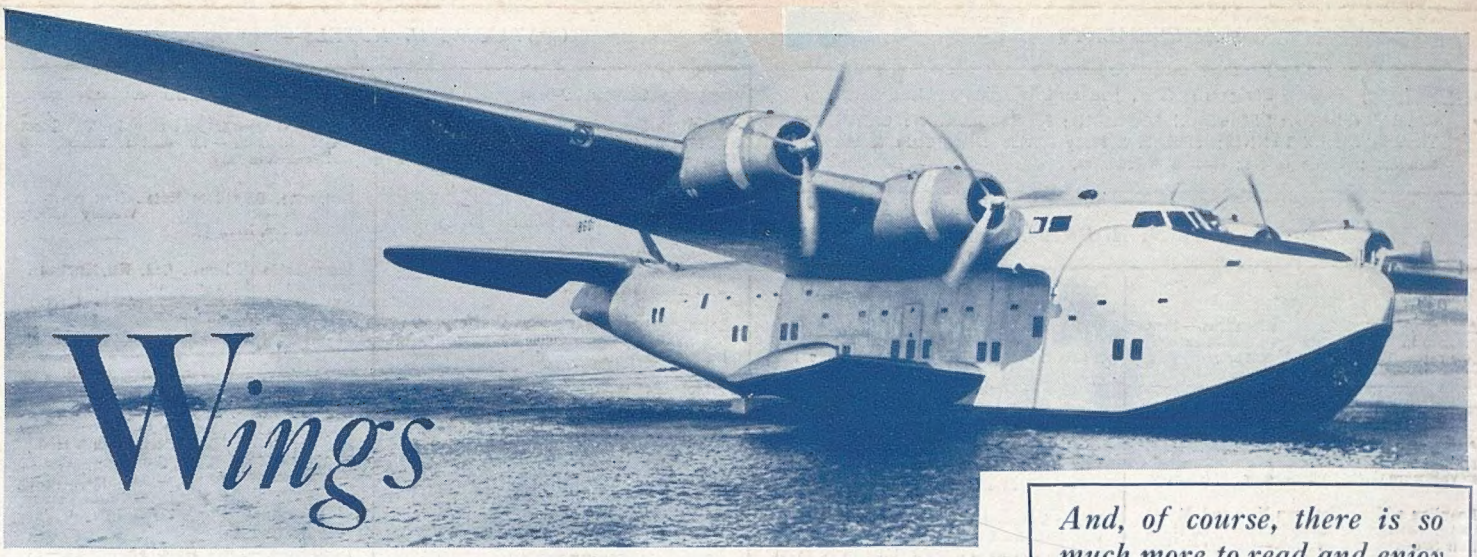
*"Just one of the many occasions when it is so welcome."*

Whispers Little Lady Liqueur



# Wings over the Pacific

by *Lady Drummond Hay*

"NO women, no cats, no dogs. Forty-three men, thousands of rats, hermit crabs, and myriads of birds on a coral island one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, more than thirteen hundred miles from the nearest land. No soil, no water save rain preserved in underground cisterns. Supplies brought by ship twice a year. The only means of arrival and departure by air. But who would want to leave? This is Wake Island, an unspoiled little paradise. If I could, I would buy it. For all my travelling experience, I know only one other retreat I have coveted—that was Mersa Matruh on the coast of the western desert of Egypt before it became commercialised.

* * *

You will not find Wake Island, lying 19° 15' north and 166° 38' 15" east, on any but a specialised map. Discovered in 1796, possessed for the United States in 1898 by General F. V. Greene commanding the Second Detachment Philippine Expedition, it did not exist for the world until the coming of the S.S. *North Haven* in May, 1935, and subsequent colonisation with Pan-American Airways staff and some Chamarro boys from Guam as an over-night stop for their trans-Pacific service. Wake Island is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and in time will become a very useful naval base as a link in the South Pacific chain from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Honolulu.

* * *

I had flown the 8500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas 'plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

* * *

DURING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy-tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon. Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit" . . .

*Lady Drummond Hay, the author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the "Graf Zeppelin" accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying-boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco. Here is real reading enjoyment, interesting, unusual, exciting. Read it all in the JANUARY ISSUE OF BRITANNIA AND EVE.*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